Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1661.

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[THE BYSTANDER, OCTOBER 16, 1935.

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, October 16, 1935

The BYSTANDER

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Dolores del Rio

Dolores, the exotic, has got a made-to-measure part in her new film, "In Caliente," which is now at the London Pavilion. She's a Spanish dancer who is casting her glamour on the tired business-men, fortune-hunters, and divorce-seekers who make the Mexican border towns their fantastic play-ground, and the glamour finds its permanent home with a personable, if wild, young man, played by Pat O'Brien. Leo Carrillo (Grace Moore's "On Wings of Song" partner) is her uncle; the amusing Glenda Farrell is her tough-baby blonde rival; and Edward Everett Horton (bless him!) is the young man's friend who takes the young man's blonde off his hands in the end

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 124 Harold Holt

Potted by Charles Gay Caricatured by Sirra

HAROLD HOLT is now the only musical impresario worthy of the name in the whole world. In Germany and Italy big music is controlled by the State. In America it is run by radio corporations and film companies. There are only a few small agents in France and Scandinavia.

At first sight you would take for granted that he was a Captain (R.N.), with his smooth cheeks, thick-set body, bright grey-blue eyes and husky voice. Nothing less like the popular conception of the astrakhan-collared, long-haired virtuoso could be imagined. He is a burly South African who began life as a solicitor, abandoned the law temporarily to become a gold prospector, practised in the City of London, served in the Hampshire Regiment, and had no more idea of turning impresario than I have of going to Addis Ababa. His legal practice, however, had brought him into touch with Lionel Powell before the war and when, in 1921, the latter asked him to join forces, he agreed readily enough. You see, he had decided long ago that he had not the right temperament for the law. If he lost a case for a friend he never liked to send in a bill of costs. May 1st, 1921, was the fateful day, and together they worked until 1928, when disagreement on policy caused him to retire (and become managing-director of British Talking Pictures). Five years later Lionel Powell died. Holt's former staff implored him to return. Kreisler cabled him. John McCormack called on him. Gramophone companies beseiged him. After three months he surrendered.

At the moment his music commitments between now and March 31st involve half a million pounds' worth of guaranteed salaries, leased halls, and the like. His artists range from Kreisler and Grace Moore to the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, who are one hundred strong and are going by special train to play ten dates on ten consecutive days. With the exception of pantomime-time he has two or three concerts every night, from Perth to Cornwall. Every evening he is to be found at some recital or concert. Every day he is at work in Clifford Street.

HAROLD HOLT speaks five languages and combines monumental patience with a quizzical flick of the whip when his artists get too uppish. He also possesses what is generally considered to be the acutest ear ever granted to a human being. He can pick out any instrument at any moment of any symphony, concert or opera. He has only one ambition—to make England the world's musical centre. He has one bugbear—the snobbery that causes people to go to hear second-rate performances at Salzburg when Glyndebourne this year knocked this foreign festival of music into a cocked hat. Thanks to Harold Holt, the London Symphony Orchestra is assured an annual salary, and so can play together continuously. Thanks also to him, at least thirty towns which have never heard big music before will get that opportunity this year. (By the way, he says Edinburgh is the most musical city in Great Britain and that Leicester is the opposite.) In his spare time he shoots and fishes.

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

BARON GEORG FRANCKENSTEIN—THE AUSTRIAN MINISTER

The Austrian Minister in London is the most social, musical and handsome of all the Ambassadors and Ministers attached to the Court of St. James. The parties he gives at his Legation in Belgrave Square have almost invariably a musical raison d'être, and are quite invariably attended by everyone of significance in the overlapping diplomatic artistic and out-and-about sets. Baron Franckenstein has held his present post for fifteen years, and has in that time acquired as subtle a knowledge of social life in London as any native-born host or hostess. He is Viennese, son of a diplomat, fifty-seven years old, and a bachelor; his own diplomatic wanderings have led him to America, Italy, Russia, China and India (he is a keen collector of Oriental objets d'art); he was a member of the Peace Delegation, and head of the Austrian Loan Commission of the League of Nations in 1922. And no doubt he looks with pleasure on (and has contributed his quota of encouragement to) the present fashion in London for everything Austrian

Museum Piece

A Head of Charlie Chaplin "To Be Preserved for Posterity"

A Genius of Comedy in Plaster

THIS head of Charlie Chaplin, which he admits to be the best ever done of him, is the work of a young American sculptress, Katherine Steubergh, and is part of a life-size figure of the great comedian commissioned by the Los Angeles Museum. When it is finished, it will be dressed in the original tramp costume, bowler hat, stick, and all, which the Museum has already enshrined. And there will be Chaplin for future generations to see when his heaven-sent funniness is nothing but a legend. The news was "out" last week that *Modern Times*, the new film which all his fans are craning their necks to see, will be shown in December at the Tivoli

Katherine Steubergh at Work

They Saw It First

Flashlight on Film and Cabaret Premières

Conrad Nagel and Mrs. James Beck

Film-star Conrad Nagel and the Hon. Mrs. James Beck faced the same flash at the world première of Reinhardt's "Midsummer Night's Dream," which had its English setting at the Adelphi last week

Right: Lady Castlerosse and Lady Duff-Assheton-Smith took a view of "Top Hat" on the first night it was shown at the Carlton

"Top Hat" Smiles

Mme. Marie Louise Bousquet and Mr. Cecil Beaton went to see Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in their new film, "Top Hat," at the Carlton

Miss Vivian Leigh and Capt. Covell

Last week the May Fair opened its Jardin Fleuri to the going-out world; Vivian Leigh, who's dancing with Captain Frank Covell, was one of the most decorative people in the room that evening

Right: Miss Susan Hambro with Lord St. Aldwyn as escort was in the audience that collected to see what Reinhardt had made of Shakespeare on the screen

Miss Susan Hambro and Lord St. Aldwyn

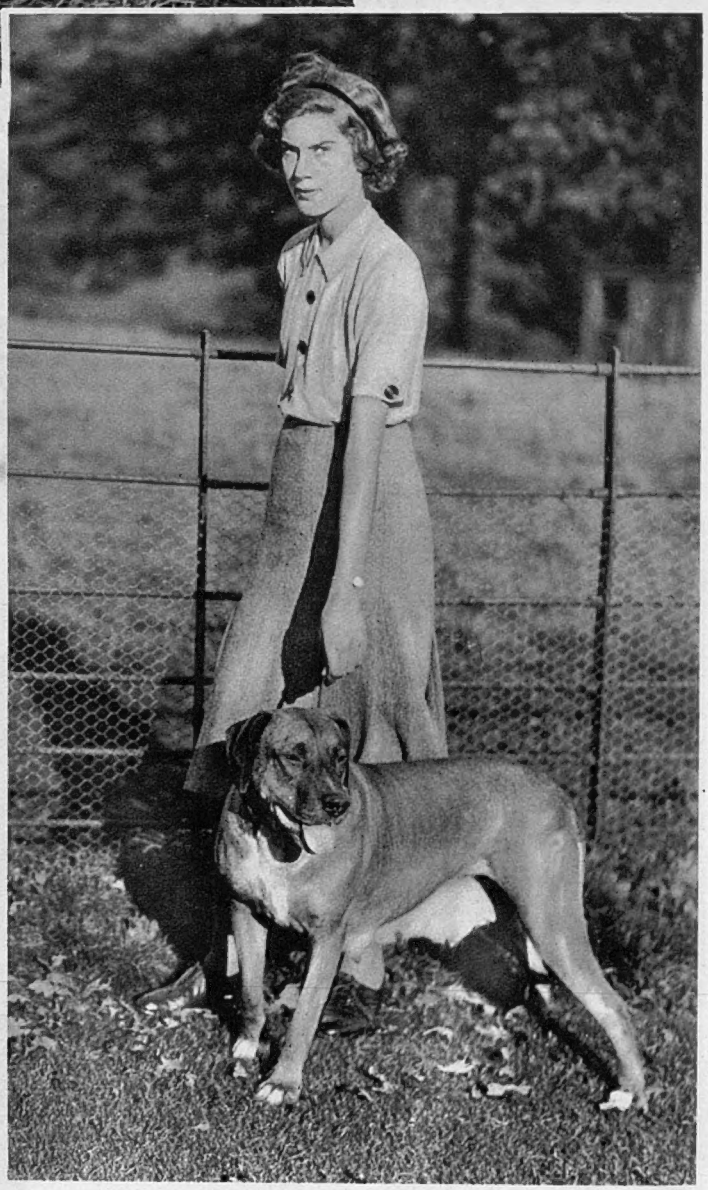
Accent on Youth

To an Unknown Diana

Left: that stubborn-looking pony on the left belongs to a young follower of the High Peak who had better things to think of than telling her name to the photographer. She was out on the opening day at Flagg, near Buxton, when this temporary difference of opinion took place

Miss Mary Malcolm—Debutante

Above: Mary Malcolm is the only daughter of Sir Ian and Lady Malcolm; she is an attractive seventeen, came out officially at the Argyllshire Gathering last month, and is now in London doing her first Little Season. Her mother is the daughter of the late Mrs. Langtry (the "Jersey Lily"); her father is a director of the Suez Canal Company, and so is vitally interested in the "Sanctions" question. She has three brothers, of whom one is Ann Todd's husband



Miss Clare Phipps, Bridesmaid-to-Be to Lady Alice Scott

Right: Clare Phipps is the fifteen-year-old daughter of Mr. Charles and Lady Sybil Phipps, and a niece of Lady Alice Scott, to whom she's to be bridesmaid on November 6th. She has a great look of her mother's family, and, as all her aunts were, is being brought up in the country. She and her dog were photographed at Chalcot, the Phipps' home in Wiltshire

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

EVERYONE is delighted at the advent of the sixth gentleman in the land. Ever since her marriage to our Prince George a year ago, Princess Marina—as she is still affectionately called—has endeared herself more and more to our English hearts. She has a personality that "gets us" in every sense of the word, and we wish the newcomer into the Royal Household a long and happy life.

Congratulations, too, to Lady Honor Channon on the birth of a son.

An "Eventful" Night

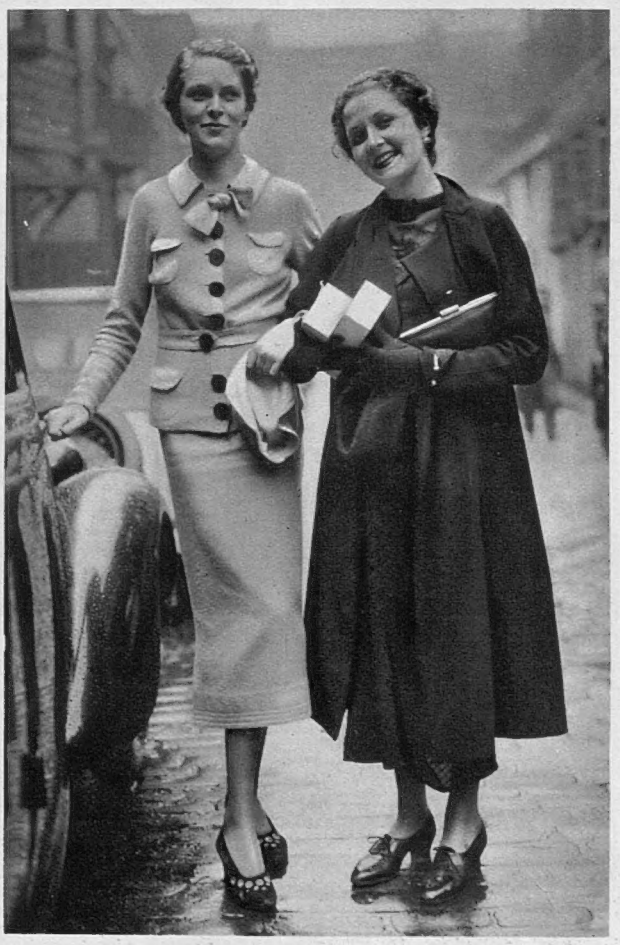
Two events of special interest occur to-night, one being the première of Mr. Noel Coward's new venture at Manchester, the other Mr. Charles Naegele's piano recital at the Grotrian Hall. Among those who have already shown their interest in the brilliant young pianist by taking tickets are Mr. Geoffrey Toye, Baron Freddie d'Erlanger, Mrs. Charles Ansell, and Mrs. Ormonde Lawson-Johnston, who knew Mr. Naegele in America.

Admirers of Gertrude Lawrence's art and Noel Coward's genius can hardly be expected to wait three months to see a new production: consequently there is a rush to Manchester for the opening night.

They Wore These at Kempton

Mrs. Tom Dundas (Isabel Goring that was) had a surprising suit for Kempton, in black and all covered with short ends of white wool: very new and controversial. Mrs. Rupert Byass wore a vivid Harris check of blue and white and brown, and carried the sort of race-glasses that only enthusiasts have the strength to cope with. She was Celia Palmer before her marriage in July

Below: Miss Phillipa Fitzalan-Howard and Miss Ann Goff (two 1936 debs) are at work in the dressmaking section of a new domestic science college in Pont Street, where debs and brides go to learn cooking, dressmaking, catering, and even to wash up. Phillipa Fitzalan-Howard is the daughter of the late Hon. Philip Fitzalan-Howard and Mrs. P. Riviere



Carry Your Hat!

Miss Corisande Bellew came out in 1934 (she is Captain and Mrs. E. H. Bellew's adopted daughter). Her arm-in-arm friend is Miss Dorothy North, Lord North's granddaughter, who has just become a shop-girl

Turning Themselves into Home Girls

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

The Austrian Attitude at Grosvenor House

"Tyrol on Parade" is the London showground of these Austrian lovelies; they are part of the gay song-and-dance cabaret at Grosvenor House. The two on the left are Klari Fodor and Piri Lehel, and the impudent pair on the right are Anny Kondor and Piroska Deghy

So great has been the demand for tickets for the first night that the box-office was sold out as soon as it opened. The Stanleys of Alderley, among others, have a house-party specially for the event. The company is not due in London until early next year and is touring meanwhile.

From the favoured few allowed in to the dress rehearsal we heard glowing accounts of the new plays (six in all).

Hay Wrightson

The Duchesse de Fernan-Nuñez

The attractive Duchesse de Fernan-Nuñez has been over on a visit to London with her husband. They live in Madrid, where they have a superb house. She is the daughter of Mme. Leonor Uribu de Anchorena and a niece of Don José Uribu, the ex-Argentine Ambassador here

"A Fascinating Personality"

Lady Mount Temple, whose clothes every woman with grey hair tries to imitate, was at the San Marco the other night in a pale-blue dress that harmonised perfectly with the delicate décor of the place. She has been making a prolonged stay in the country, and only came up to London for a day or two.

Mary Ellis was supping there the next night—what a fascinating personality! We paid a second visit to *Glamorous Night* last week and found the vast theatre packed to overflowing. According to advance bookings, the present play could run for months, but arrangements for the traditional pantomime interfere.

Bewildered Foreigners

Apropos Novello plays, have you heard of the foreign visitor who was advised to go to the Haymarket Theatre for an evening's amusement? "What is ze use to go there?" he cried. "I always find ze full house when I try!"

Now for a veritable chestnut. You *have* all heard of the other foreigner, puzzled beyond belief at the pronunciation of English words. Having struggled bravely with Marjoribanks and Cholmondeley, he saw written in large letters on a bus: "*Cavalcade* pronounced success." It was too much, and he shot himself!

Overjoyed to See Walter

Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish flew from their "cure" in Germany for the first night of *Top Hat*, Fred Astaire's new film. It's a marvellous show, and he has never been better. Ginger Rogers improves in every film, and the "other woman" (Helen Broderick) has an inimitable manner and some heavenly lines. Lady Charles Cavendish, who looked the picture of health, was being greeted by many friends, and was overjoyed to find Walter, her brother's coloured valet, on the doorstep.

Merle Oberon, who is the most socially sought-after film star at the moment, was there wearing a miraculous chinchilla coat; Lady Mary Lygon, who is becoming a film first-night regular; Fairbanks, father and son, and lovely Lady Ashley, in the smartest thing of the season, a swagger coat of snowy ermine. Ginger Rogers wears one in the film, and Mme. Alanova is another clever dresser who realises the immense chic of this new length, and that a lot of white fox spoils the effect.

That Lovely Complexion!

It was at the May Fair opening on Monday last that we saw Alanova. Renée Houston was making her cabaret début, and most successful it was. We had always seen her "sister act," but a turn on her own is all the same to a genius like that. Miss Vivian Leigh seemed to us the most interesting person in the room that night. Is it fair on ordinary mortals that people like Miss Leigh exist? After all, she started out as an actress, achieved fame in one night and a £50,000 film contract. Yet

Left: Lord Donegall, Miss Jane Falcke, Mrs. Stewart Brown and Mr. Charles Birkin made up a party of four for the opening of the Jardin Fleuri at the May Fajr

Below: Miss Merle Oberon, Mr. John Sutro, and Lady Caroline Paget (heroine of the Sutro-Beaton film, "A Sailor's Return") were at the "Midsummer Night's Dream" world première

Supper Quartet at the May Fair

Left: Miss Elizabeth Kent and Lord Decies (what attractive-looking women he always takes out) were at the Hungaria when this flash of them was taken

Below: Miss Sarah Ryder is the younger daughter of the Hon. Archibald and Mrs. Dudley Ryder, and a niece of the Earl of Harrowby, and has announced her engagement to Flight-Lieut. C. J. Collingwood

They Took a Professional Interest

she could earn a fortune as an exhibition dancer, and has the most perfect skin we've ever seen. Yet on the stage and screen the most perfect complexion is completely wasted. Voice and features are of enormous importance, but that lovely complexion—well, it's not fair!

An Industrious Pupil

A FRIEND of ours went over Constance Spry's school of flower decoration at Sunderland House the other day, and was interested to discover among the most industrious pupils there Lady Diana Duff Cooper.

She has had an interest in a flower-shop for some time, and wisely decided to learn everything possible on the subject from someone who has actually introduced a completely new idea into flower decoration.

An Interesting Corner

PLACES are either the top or the bottom, are packed, then empty, but one tiny corner of a certain restaurant never seems to change. In Louis's room at the Berkeley you will always find someone who either is, or has got, some sort of news. We popped in for a snack the other day and found Rodney Soher, back that minute from Budapest and Vienna; Miss Barbara Jameson, whom we think tremendously attractive; Mr. Beres Woods (funny that an eye-patch never detracts from a man's good looks); and Mrs. Violet Hirsch in a black astrakhan cap.

Far Above Prettiness

OUR favourite cabaret turn returns to London on Monday night. The Yacht Club Boys are old favourites and are certain of an overwhelming welcome. Elizabeth Welch has been drawing the town all on her own lately, anyway.

Lenare

Miss Sarah Ryder

We saw Lord and Lady Jersey listening to her the other night in a large party which included Mrs. Marshall Field and Sir Alfred Beit. Lady Jersey was bemoaning the loss of a bracelet composed of family diamonds, and we do hope that it has been found by now. The next night Mr. Whitney Straight and his lovely wife were there, she in wine-coloured chiffon. Her pale face, centre-parted hair, and marvellous eyes lift her above any ordinary prettiness wherever she may be.

Miss Peta Davis, with a bandaged arm, we saw too that night, and we have an idea that someone said she was off to India. So let's hope what looked like an injury was merely an inoculation.

Her Success is No Surprise

THE month of October means one inevitable adieu—to the Maharajah of Rajpipla, whom we are always loth to lose for the winter months.

Apart from the big parties that this most hospitable of potentates always gives, there are the pleasant Sunday luncheons and dinners at Windsor, where about twenty or thirty different guests sit down to each meal. Lovely Virginia Cherrill was there the last time we went. Her social, film, and personal success is no surprise to anyone who has once met her. Not often do you find such looks and such a delicious sense of humour all at once.

Sir Anthony Weldon was there, too, also Frankie More-O'Ferrall and Eddie Tatham, and Giles Vandeleur brought his sister, Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth, just home from Gibraltar.

Young Men Galore

THE Prunier "degustation" idea is a great success. People find it less trouble to ask ten or twelve people to meet them there around sixish than to mess up their own houses with spilt cocktails and burnt cigarette-ends. There was a

GOING OUT TO GOINGS - ON (Continued from page 95)

very gay party there the other evening, consisting of Mrs. Michael Portman, pom-poms on her " toque " ; Mrs. Nick Prinsep, who is flat-hunting ; lovely Jane Falcke in a black halo ; Mrs. Rupert Byass in an enviable mink coat. Young men, too, galore—Patrick Egan and Max Aitken talking of yachts ; Charles Birkin, Lord Donegall, and Simon Harcourt-Smith, just back from a holiday in Spain.

Sumptuous Furs

June, Lady Inverclyde in lovely white pyjamas (disguised) and Mrs. Nick Prinsep in the smartest black satin dress, gave a cocktail-party last Thursday. Mary Bryan, the star of *Stop . . . Go !*, and the toast of Mayfair, was there in a sumptuous mink coat, Sylvia, Lady Poulett and the Lady Bridget, both smothered in ermine, arrived rather late. Others present included Mrs. Jimmie Harris, in an ultra-becoming black velvet halo, and Mrs. Chester Beatty, who is the step-daughter of Mr. Roland Oliver, K.C., and extremely attractive, and Mrs. Leek (Betty Chester that was).

Refreshing Mixture

The Embassy that night was crowded—the Prince of Wales was dining quietly, wearing a dinner jacket, and did'nt dance. Madame Letellier, in gold sequins, was there, dancing with Mr. Simon Marks. A large corner table was occupied by the David Heneages, Major " Stewey " Forster and Co.

Mrs. Julie Thompson, just returned from Paris and Baden Baden, danced with Mr. Eddie FitzClarence, and was in Mr. Mosenthall's party. His wife (who was Eileen Idare) now designs heavenly clothes for fun, and is a gay, amusing person, full of inconsequent chatter and sound common sense—an unusual mixture, but strangely refreshing.

No Photographers

A new night " boîte " opened that evening proved to be entirely empty about 1 a.m., and, as usual, we repaired to the " 400." It is so smart, so crowded and so successful, largely due, perhaps, to the fact that flashlight photographers are not welcome ! The early - morning hours are scarcely the best photographic moments.

MISS PEEPS

On page 43 of our issue of October 9th we published a photograph of Miss Camilla Russell dancing with the Maharajah of Rajpipla, and erroneously gave her name as Miss Camilla Parker. Miss Camilla Parker was not at the party. We much regret any annoyance this mistake has caused.

The Duke of Kent on His Son's Birthday

It was great news last week that the Duke and Duchess of Kent had a son, now reported to be fair-haired and blue-eyed, and that both the small Prince and his mother were progressing well. The Duke of Kent and his sister-in-law, Countess Toerring, were photographed outside 3, Belgrave Square, on their son and nephew's birthday

Right : Arthur F. L. Boumphrey, only son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Alan Boumphrey, and grandson of Lord Colwyn, and Beryl Lamb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lamb, of Forest Hey, Sandiway, Cheshire, were married last Thursday at St. James's, Piccadilly

Below : another wedding last Thursday at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, was between David Hope Henderson, the Hon. Philip and Mrs. Henderson's only son, and Alice Geyelin, daughter of Anthony Geyelin, of Philadelphia, U.S.A., and Mrs. Edward Nugent Head, of 24, Chesham Place, S.W.1

Mr. Arthur Boumphrey and Miss Beryl Lamb

Mr. David Henderson and Miss Alice Geyelin

Janet Jevons

The Lady Doverdale

Lady Doverdale's husband succeeded to the title as third Baron when his father died some months ago. She married him in 1933, when he was the Hon. Edward Partington, and she was Audrey Pointing, and since then they have lived in London. They were out in the South of France this summer and also go winter-sporting at the other end of the year. The Doverdale place is Westwood Park, near Droitwich

The Martyrdom in Rouen Market-Place

"Das Mädchen Johanna"

A Great German Film Tells Superbly the Story of the Maid and Her France

Angela Salloker as Joan of Arc

Joan and the King (Gustaf Gründgens)

IT was an Irishman who created for the stage a classic of the story of Joan of Arc: now from Germany comes this unforgettable film about the Maid, her King, and the France that idolised her and burnt her at the stake. Ufa's historical epic is as different from Hollywood's spectacular adaptations as a Brangwyn engraving is from a Christmas-card. Angela Salloker gives an inspired performance as Joan, and Gustaf Gründgens is a cynically opportunist Charles VII. The photography and settings very finely express author Gerhard Menzel's and director Gustav Ucicky's conception of the brutal, superstitious, mystical days of which Joan was the worshipped heroine and the victim. *Das Mädchen Johanna* started its run at the Curzon last night

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

THE six solemn, glossy toppers rallying round Lord Leverhulme as he spoke into an Ediphone amidst the crowd at the opening of the Business Efficiency Exhibition seemed to us a surprisingly measly ration. We counted them twice, to make sure no little Napoleon of Finance was hiding behind some complicated time-saving gadget to amuse the boys. But no. There were just six. Superb toppers they were, too, worn at the right ruthless angle over six hard, keen faces. We frequently wear a topper ourselves when the right people ask us out, but oh, what a humble, furtive, outmoded, boyish thing it is! One night last winter at the Embassy somebody actually asked us why the end of term had come so early. The six flashing toppers at the White City were ultra-modern, domineering, and final. They commanded with a nod, and a thousand serfs obeyed in a palsy of fear. One could see all that. What one couldn't quite understand was why there were only six of them in all the City to rally round a leading business peer at a Business Efficiency Exhibition. We 've since made inquiries. The explanation is quite simple. These six toppers and the faces underneath were the pick of the City, the crème de la crème, the final pippins, chosen in competition from the most pitiless jaws and the shiniest and most overbearing toppers in the Square Mile. And, what is more, there *was* a seventh, a model Chairman of Companies, looming in the background; and like so many Chairmen of Companies, he was stuffed.

Queen Gone Sniffy

BOUQUET this week—a whacking big one of tea roses, hydrangea, and love-lies-bleeding — for Miss England (1935), who returned from Brussels the other day with the perfect explanation of her failure to be elected Miss Universe. She complained to the newspaper boys at Dover that the jurymen were walking out with the other Beauty Queens a week before the contest. This explanation entitles Miss England to take her place among the dashing modern sportsmen, cricketers, boxers, footballers, and others, who explain away their defeats so accurately. Like them, Miss England is the virtuous victim of foreign intrigue. We don't think she developed her case quite enough on orthodox lines, however, good as it is. In her place we should have pointed out the following additional facts:

1. All the other competitors were professional beauties, whereas Miss England is, of course, an amateur.
2. Even if she had been asked to walk out by a juryman, national pride and virtue forbade.
3. The weather wasn't the kind an English Beauty Queen has a right to.
4. She had a headache.
5. The jury were incapable of judging anything.
6. The judging was under foreign rules (and you know what those are).
7. Not a single one of the jurymen was a cricketer.
8. Even if they did give the prize to somebody else, we taught the rest of the world how to be beautiful, anyway, didn't we?

This is only a selection. Look up what the Test cricketers said about the West Indies fiasco last year, or what almost any current ace sportsman (except Malcolm Campbell and perhaps two more) says when he takes a toss. It 's all in the news-files.

" You keep out o' this, see, or I'll call a policeman, I will "

Fanfare

NINETY-YEAR-OLD Dr. Margaret Caldwell of Wisconsin attributed her long and healthy life last week to eating onions, and she is damnably right. The Onion is a very noble and sacred vegetable, and has well been called the Apple of Content, the Casket of Health, the Sleep-Bringer, and the Companion-Fruit of Mankind, whether devoured raw, which is the more gallant way, suitable to heroes, or made into that ambrosial Soupe à l'Oignon which is the glory of those little dubious all-night restaurants and bistros round the Halles in Paris. Astonishing salads may be made from the onion—especially that one involving four great pink onions roasted, steeped in rocksalt, sliced, and served with a sauce of oil and vinegar, slightly peppered. It is impossible to describe the exquisite, unexpected flavour of this. We 've met an omelette containing Spanish onions, potatoes, tomatoes, and a faint dash of garlic which was as lovely as a symphony of De Falla. Beware of people who fear the Onion. They have shifty eyes, their noses are awry, their souls are leprous. A great glossy Spanish Onion eaten raw before a reception, a wedding, or any social scrimmage clears the eyes, nerves the mind, strengthens resolution, uplifts the heart, hardens endurance, and renders the happy eater capable of confronting the

" His people sent him to an architectural college "

most frightful screaming women with impassive courage and stoical calm. We know, because we 've tried.

1900 Years After

TALKING of onions, we tried last week for the eighty-seventh time to get ourselves to like those fresh, plump Burgundian snails nurtured on vine-leaves and buttered, with that little hint or whisper of garlic the epicures make such a fuss about. It was no use. We simply can't get rid of the idea that we 're masticating boiled india-rubber. There 's probably something wrong with our palate, since people of the highest reputation have been eating snails, with every appearance of delight, nay, gusto, for hundreds and hundreds of years. A gourmet we know tells us that a pneumatic road-drill working on a road somewhere on National Trust land in the wilds of Northumberland recently crashed through the surface and revealed a kind of cave full of unfamiliar-looking snails, live and dead. The live ones, examined by an expert, turned out to be the legitimate offspring of the edible snails imported from the Continent by the Roman legions stationed in the military province of Valentinia, and bred by them on British vines. If that isn't odd and romantic, in a way, we don't know what is. We don't admire snails particularly—we think they look rather asses, crawling wearily about with their houses on their backs, like speculative builders in Hell—but it 's pretty clever of them to survive and flourish a thousand years or so like that. This particular Northumbrian snail family is considerably older than the oldest of our old English families, and just as interesting to meet, we expect, once you conquer that cold shyness. We wouldn't care to eat either of them much.

Diminuendo

CHATTING with one of Lord Trenchard's social squad the other evening, we learned that Mayfair parties are quieter nowadays than they were, even a couple of years ago. The police rarely have to intervene. You may remember a very cheery party which got into the papers some little time ago because the hostess liked shooting at people ? (She just missed one of the gossip boys, incidentally. That can't have done her much good, either.) This sort of thing is out of fashion for the moment, apparently, and we 're told the same applies in New York, where there was always fun under Prohibition : people suddenly hurtling out of fifteenth-floor windows, or running suddenly amok with Brownings, or fighting everybody, or otherwise keeping the party gay. Those were the days, five years ago, when " Bob " Sherwood got a playful crack at Mr. " Jimmy " Walker, the celebrated Mayor of the period, into a comedy called *This Is New York*, at the Plymouth Theatre. We remember it well. The police have just raided a whoopee party at the Central Park West apartment of a Miss Phyllis Adrian, show and playgirl, who is very sniffy with Pete, one of the detectives :

PHYLLIS : Yeah, and what 's more, I 'll tell you something. You 'd better be careful how you talk to me, because I happen to be a personal friend of the mayor of this city.

PETE : Well, who isn't ? Where 's Glassman ?

Those, as we said, were the days. Now everything 's damped down. We don't know what 's become of all the people who used to start the merry old trouble, unless they 're preserved in laboratories in bottles of spirit.

With a Yo, Heave Ho !

THE third colossal funnel of the gigantic Queen Mary being now in position, it would be nice to know what they are going to use it for. Everybody knows that the idea of having so many funnels in a modern liner is to impress nervous passengers and inspire them with confidence. Some of the dummy funnels are used as store-rooms, others are padded and used by the purser. In most big cruising ships the purser

" Have you two met each other ? "

goes crazy at intervals through having to be perpetually energetic and jolly-ho, organising those terrible deck sports and being slapped on the back by awful, breezy clergymen, the life and soul of the ship. Retiring at intervals into the nearest dummy funnel, the hollow-eyed and haggard purser dashes his head against the padded walls, crying hoarsely on the marine gods, on Poseidon, the seaweed-crowned, on Amphitrite, his wife, on Triton, his son, and on Adamastor, god of storms. This gives him instant relief, and also keeps down the crime-statistics of Liverpool, where pursers live. We 've nothing but sympathy and admiration for the gallant fellows, and their self-control amazes us. A cruising party came ashore from a big liner at a certain pleasure port this summer which in the Ideal State wouldn't have been allowed ashore at Barking Creek. If we 'd been the purser we 'd have organised a very jolly game, viz., running at the worst of them with mops. It gives foreigners a wrong impression, seeing some of these people ambling about the place unchecked. It makes them think we don't mind 'em.

Air For Tin Trumpets

"You know, we Americans are really very proud of our kinship with England," remarked Miss Frances Marion ("Hollywood's highest-paid screen-play writer") in a London evening paper the other night; and if it isn't rude, Miss Marion, would you mind very much if we described that statement, coughing politely, as the daintiest bit of clotted whangdoodle, hugaboo, fiddle-faddle, pishposh, and nimble-wimble we 've encountered since La Bergner announced that Barrie's latest play was written by God? It 's all very well to think up nice things to say about one's hosts, Miss Marion, but do you *really* think that bit of poohbah is worthy of a clever girl? Ninety per cent. of "we Americans" wouldn't, we don't mind betting. Dear, *dear* Miss Marion, how the devil can we ever begin to understand America, or America us, if people still solemnly trot out this sort of fanglebangle? The last intimate American friend of ours who put it over on us, Miss Marion, was Donald Ogden Stewart, playwright, of New York and Hollywood; and as he did so he socked us gaily in the ribs and burst into song. That 's the way that line has to be put across, if at all, Miss Marion—as a jolly good joke between old buddies, and no harm done to anybody. It 's a well-known comedy line, surely? The only possible way to deliver it seriously (as you did, Miss Marion) is to come in very quickly reclining in a wheelbarrow, waving the flags of Finland and Uruguay, throw a lot of coloured woollen balls at all present, and exit quickly on a high yodel.

Ananias, Brass Hat

One of Auntie *Times's* serious little readers was rather perturbed the other day, asking Auntie if the early communiqués on each side in the Italo-Abyssinian business were likely to be strictly truthful. O sancta Simplicitas! Has the boy forgotten the Great War so soon, and the frantic lying in which every country concerned simply wallowed, as a matter of course? Has he forgotten what our bored troops called Divisional Comic Cuts? Thumping bravura lies are as essential a part of the programme of modern warfare as lice, and blunders, and Staff jobs for the best people, and all the rest of the merry-go-round. Whereas in peace time intensive lying is a luxury (except for politicians), in war time it becomes a patriotic duty for every citizen, and most of all for the General Staff; and it 's frankly surprising what efficient liars the most buffle-headed, brassbound military types, lacking the least spark of imagination, can speedily become when duty calls.

Having been nicely brought up, we always felt the least bit uneasy about this business of steadfast, earnest lying till we consulted an expert on such matters. He quoted us two highly respectable authorities—Queen Elizabeth, whom her boy admirer, J. R. Green, the historian, regretfully calls the worst liar in Europe, and Dr. Martin Luther, who not only earned the same description from the Duke of Saxony, but hotly justified it in what (they tell us) is a celebrated sermon on the topic.

THE BYSTANDERS.

"I took Fred's sister to the pictures last night—she let me hold her hand!"

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 52.—Lord Dunsany

When Munchausen, de Rougemont
And Dr. (North Pole) Cook
No longer drew their long bows in
A lecture or a book,
We sighed in vain for fellows who
Could pitch it hot and strong,
Till Lord Dunsany kindly brought
The Jorkens chap along

Lord D.'s a poet of repute,
And, like true poets, he
Has got imagination to
A very strong degree;
So in his stories Jorkens shines
As one whose charming fault
Is that his wondrous tales require
A hefty pinch of salt.

The drabness of our modern world
He skilfully allays,
And brightens up our dull lives with
His poems, tales, and plays;
And though some of his works may seem
More than a bit obscure,
He brings a touch of colour that
Can cheer us up for sure.

B. W

Right: Lady Furnivall went to the "Hallo, Winter!" gala opening of the Ice Club, and presented the prizes. She and her husband, Willy Dent, are just back from two years in the East. They were married in 1932; he used to be in the Grenadiers

Lady Furnivall

Left: the M.P. for St. Marylebone was sketched at a cocktail-party which celebrated the launching of a new film company. It's called Criterion Film Productions; he is the chairman of it, and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, is to be the star of their first picture

Captain Bobby Cunningham-Reid

Round the Town: Faces Seen By Molly Bishop

Left: Malcolm Sargent went to see the new Tyrolean cabaret at Grosvenor House on the opening night, and was in a big party given by Mrs. Taffy Rodd

Right: hostess of the said party at Grosvenor House was the attractive, exotic-looking Mrs. Taffy Rodd, dressed in plum-coloured brocade, with a large Russian cross as her only ornament, and a new way of doing her hair

Dr. Malcolm Sargent

The Hon. Mrs. Taffy Rodd

John Everard

"Bystander" Beauties

No. 7. The Hon. Alicia Browne

Here's another beauty from Ireland—a brunette, with lovely eyes and hair, and a naturally "alive" expression which is one of her chief charms. Alicia Browne is Lord and Lady Kilmaine's only daughter. Her mother is Scottish, only daughter of the eighty-eight-year-old Marquess of Ailsa. The Kilmaine title is an Irish one and dates from 1789; the family comes from County Mayo though they no longer own any property over there, their present centre being near Newbury

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
Adds lustre to this unassuming feast;
Within these oysters, pearls may glow unseen,
And Guinness gleams with rubies
(from the yEast).

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR OYSTERS—GOOD FOR YOU

G.E. 479.A.

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

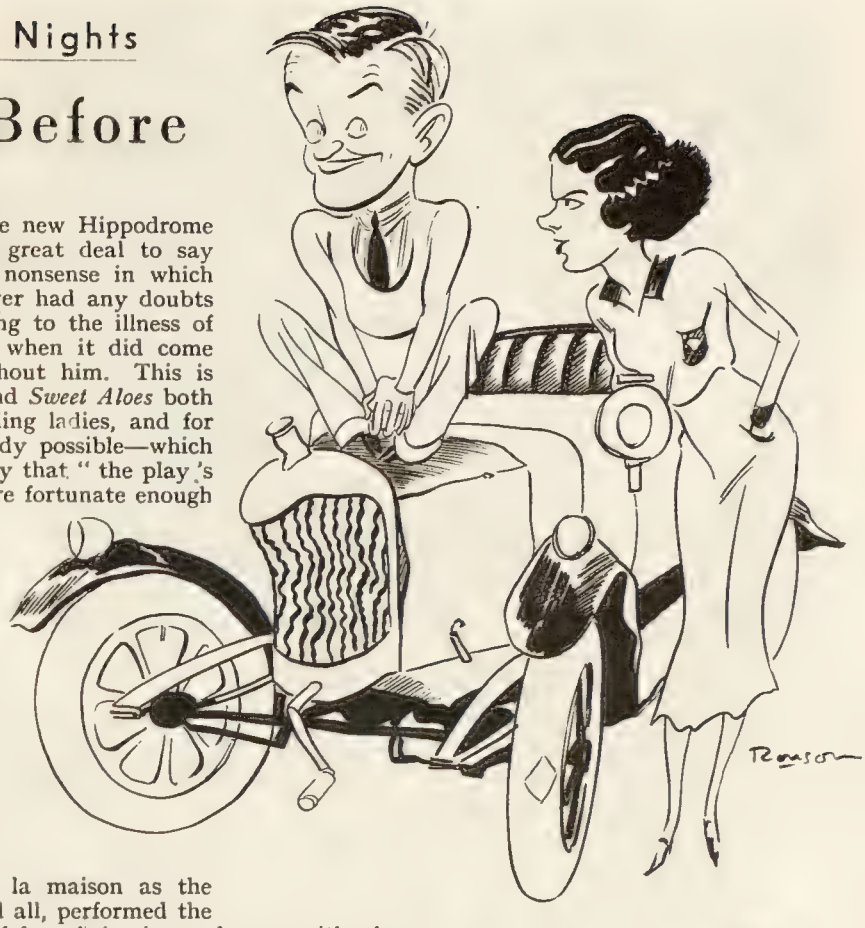
The Mixture As Before

"Please, Teacher!" (London Hippodrome)

As there is not very much that is original in the new Hippodrome show, *Please, Teacher!*, there is really not a great deal to say about it. It is the typical kind of amusing nonsense in which Bobby Howes is generally to be seen. If anyone ever had any doubts as to the wisdom of postponing the production owing to the illness of the famous Bobby, they must have been dispelled when it did come on, as it obviously would be quite impossible without him. This is rather a feature of recent plays—*Escape Me Never* and *Sweet Aloes* both had to be suspended during the illness of their leading ladies, and for *Nina*, at the Criterion, there is frankly no understudy possible—which reflections again bring us into conflict with the old theory that "the play's the thing," because it isn't, and those authors who are fortunate enough to have popular favourites to take their leading rôles should thank their lucky stars.

In *Please, Teacher!* Wylie Watson plays the part of the foil with his usual lugubrious humour; he and Bobby Howes rollick their way through the girls' school, from the gymnasium, where Vera Pearce, as sports mistress, gives the most surprising display of physical exercises, to the dormitory, where they flutter the dove-cote of girls, clad in the most unschool-like diaphanous nighties, which, incidentally, they change halfway through the night for pyjama suits of gleaming satin; a very, very expensive school, one feels. Why, the bill for clothes alone must be stupendous! Dancing lessons seem to be a spécialité de la maison as the girls, one and all, performed the most delightful and intricate dances with the greatest skill, in addition to which they sang charmingly. Perhaps on occasions they displayed these accomplishments a trifle too long, but the majority of the audience evidently felt that they could not have too much of a good thing.

One of the scenes depicts a mimed game of cricket, in which the batsman hits up a short lob, and the cover-point and the bowler rush to catch the ball, only to be foiled by the batsman himself, who rushes out and pushes them away at the crucial moment—an idea that might commend itself to those who wish to brighten up our national game. The music is not memorable, but one song drifted its way through the show, and was called "You Give Me Ideas." Not a bad idea, either.



Tommy Deacon (Bobby Howes), complete with Ethel, a car of ancient vintage, meets Ann Trent (Sepha Treble)

Sketches by Rouson

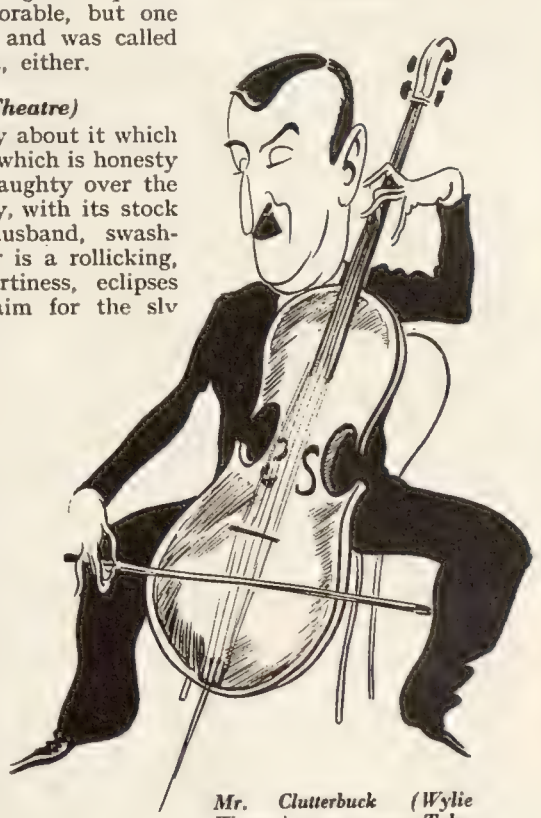
Petunia Trundle (Vera Pearce), a heavy-weight gym mistress with a light touch

"The Soldier's Fortune" (Ambassadors Theatre)

RESTORATION comedy has a bluff virility about it which may offend the weak-stomached but which is honesty itself in its cheerful glorification of the naughty over the virtuous. The revival of Otway's comedy, with its stock characters of faithless wife, cuckold husband, swash-buckling lover, and shameless old pander is a rollicking, robustious affair which, by its very heartiness, eclipses many of our modern comedies, which aim for the sly snigger rather than the hearty guffaw.

There is no mistaking the motives of any of the characters—motives which, with scarcely one exception, are all strictly dishonourable!

THE company enter into the spirit of the thing with a cheerful goodwill that adds enormously to the success of the play. Baliol Holloway, as the rapscallion Captain Beaugard, is the heartiest of cheerful blackguards; Athene Seyler, as the faithless Lady Dunce, maintains a delightfully delicate touch of comedy throughout; and Huntley Wright, as her duped husband, is every inch the simpleton. Roy Byford, as a jovial and thoroughly unrespectable old pander, makes of Sir Jolly Jumble a shameless old reprobate at whom it becomes increasingly easier to laugh than to disapprove. Which is all as it should be.



Mr. Clutterbuck (Wylie Watson), a reet, proper Tyke, discourses sweet music

The First "Anna Karenina"—a 1903 Film

The performers' names in the first screen version of Tolstoy's great novel are lost in the mists of time. The second version, called "Love," was a silent one, made in 1926, with Garbo as Karenina and John Gilbert as Vronsky. In those days Garbo was still on the way to her peak of fame, and no one was disappointed, everyone was enraptured by her performance

Garbo as the 1926 Karenina

The 1935 Film

Here is Garbo as Anna in the film at the Empire, which is discussed on this page, with Freddie Bartholomew as Sergei, her son

• FILMS of the DAY

Garbo—But Not Great: By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

THERE is something depressing in having to acknowledge, even to oneself, that an artist of proven greatness shows a declension of power, and, in the case of Greta Garbo as Anna Karenina, of the fascination which, allied to talent, is part of an actress's stock-in-trade.

Garbo has been the world's leading film actress for a number of years—probably an unprecedented number of years—and she has held that position by virtue of her genuine histrionic gifts, her unique personality, and her beauty. I do not believe that the public queued up in hundreds and waited for hours to see "a Garbo film" because of the sort of perverted publicity she has had through her natural disposition towards solitude, and a desire to live and dress in a way which, for any woman not a film star, would be perfectly normal. Any curiosity in the public feeling for her was provoked by the woman, or, rather, the actress, they saw and heard; and if mystery there was, it lay in the strange glamour with which she imbued the characters she played. Her popularity has had nothing to do with publicity campaigns, and can no more be compared with the box-office appeal of phenomena like Shirley Temple than the fame of a Bernhardt or a Duse to that of Gracie Fields.

THE glamour of Garbo was apparent in the discrepantly cast rôle of Mata Hari; as the ageing Russian dancer in *Grand Hotel*; and even more so in her last picture, *Queen Christina*. In *Anna Karenina* it is absent. The whole film lacks that indefinable quality in which romance, beauty, emotion are blended. Tolstoy's story is one of the "inevitable tragedies." The situation, the characters, especially Anna herself, made the tragedy inevitable. And I do not believe that it loses its essential meaning because the society in which the people had their being has passed and husbands no longer deny "erring" wives the right to see a beloved child, lovers do not desert a woman who has been all the world to them because a militarist snobbism drives them to rejoin their regiment and go to war. . . .

Even more out-of-date and remote situations have been made intensely moving on stage and screen by reason of the emotional evocations of the acting and the inspiration of the production.

BUT the present version of *Anna Karenina* is a dead-alive affair, funereal in pace and motive. Fredric March fails to imbue Vronsky with the fire and fascination which would make a woman like Anna, however priggish and boring her husband, desert the child she loved. And one gets the impression that Garbo is perfectly aware of the fact. She seems to find the whole business "stale, flat and unprofitable." There is no suggestion of unconquerable passion. Her best scenes are with the child Sergei, possibly because the little Bartholomew boy does bring conviction and tenderness to the part.

IT may seem outside the scope of criticism to comment on an actress's hairdressing and make-up, but when they are as exaggerated as Garbo's in this film, they definitely detract from her effect as an artist. Her long eye-lashes have become a veritable hedge, and the effect is heightened by heavy black paint upon her lids. Such make-up is worse than unnecessary; it is distracting.

ANOTHER good artist who disappoints is Paul Muni in *Black Fury*. After seeing his performance in *The Chain Gang*, I would have said he was really a great actor. But the subject and character were intensely interesting and terribly convincing. *Black Fury* is neither. The conflict between coal-miners and owners, strikes, with their deplorable consequence, and the leadership of one man strong enough to end disputes, even at the risk of his own life, might have every element of excitement and psychological interest; but the incidents in *Black Fury* are unconvincing, and Muni is not so much a strong man as a loud-voiced man, not in the grip of circumstances, but under the direction of a film-producer.

HAVING regretfully withheld applause from two hitherto admired film stars, it is a relief to announce the triumph of an actor who, although once popular and always competent, has not, until now, been of supreme importance. Victor McLaglen, in *The Informer*, reveals unsuspected powers and an amazing emotional range. This is a great piece of acting, and the film impresses and moves by sheer realism and sincerity.

It is not so much a "come-back" for McLaglen as a discovery of a new actor—self-discovery and, surely, public discovery.

ONE piece of film news which seems to me of intense importance, is that Gaumont-British have booked Charles Chaplin's latest film, *Modern Times*, and it will be shown at the Tivoli early in December. Mr. Arthur Jarratt, who went to America specially to make the arrangements, cables that it is "undoubtedly Chaplin's best." How one hopes that this is so, and that the great little comedian will once more prove his genius. One could not bear to see any more falling stars in one season!

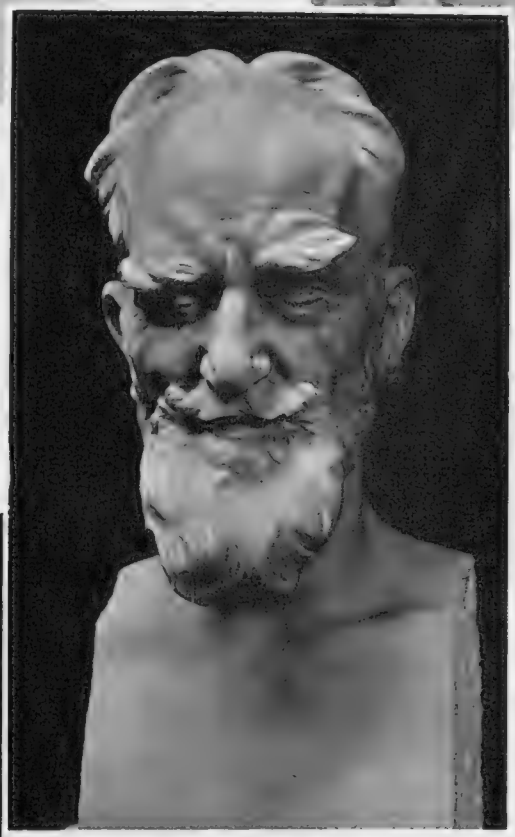
The Earl of Athlone

General Gömbös
Prime Minister of Hungary

Strobl's exhibition, in which these examples of his work are shown, opened yesterday at 15, George Street, Hanover Square, with a big gathering of the intelligent and fashionable exhibition-goers. The Duke of Kent was there, Strobl having sculpted a head of him. The Prince of Wales is to be one of his sitters this autumn

Strobl is a Sculptor

These Works Are In His London Exhibition



George Bernard Shaw

Lily

SIGISMUND DE STROBL is a Hungarian sculptor whose work is not yet as widely known in England as it is on the Continent, where he has exhibited regularly for many years. Examples of his work are to be seen in art galleries in most European capitals. He has visited England several times, but this is his first large exhibition here. Bernard Shaw, whose bust is one of Strobl's finest portrait creations, is a great admirer of the Hungarian's art, and has written an excellently Shavian preface for the catalogue of the exhibition. Here's judgment from it : "Each bust was not only an authentic and instantly recognisable portrait of the sitter ; but something quite beyond that : a work of art. The bust of myself which is before you in this exhibition is not only recognizable as what I look like ; it is also what I ought to look like, and what I should like to look like . . ."

Hungarian Hussar

"Bystander" Short Story No. 7

Pavane For Old Treachery

By Geoffrey Ford

Illustrated by Eric Fraser

It was growing late when Martin Joyce came.

Grale had purposely requested that he call at nine o'clock on this September evening. For Grale, the artist, had arranged this meeting with all the meticulous care, the minute attention to light and half-light and atmosphere that the execution of a momentous piece of work merits. To-night, however, no beauty was to blossom, no subtile savagery of paint that made "a Grale" was to be commenced. Rather, a great work was to be completed before the moon set, a life dedicated to bitterness was to be crowned with the warped and crushing crown of overpowering revenge.

So, at this hour, the spacious room gathered the shadows about its luxurious furniture and deepened in silence as the tall French windows, like gracious lock-gates, let in the slow tide of summer darkness and the ghost of night-scented stock and mown grass drifted in from the almost invisible lawns and terraces beyond. And so, also, came Martin, unannounced and picking his careful way in the darkness of the unfamiliar room to the deep armchair indicated by his host.

For a long while the silence remained unbroken save for the clink of a decanter on glasses and the soft sigh of a siphon. Out of the gloom Martin's voice crept so quietly that Grale, who had been studying the dim outline of his guest, leaned a little forward to catch his words.

"Well, Grale, why did you ask me here?"

The artist shifted his glass to catch a last glimmer of dull topaz in its depths.

"To tell you about Anna," he said.

"Ah!" from the darkness, "Anna!"

"Yes. Perhaps it would be well to refresh your memory concerning old days that you may be a trifle eager to forget. Shall we start, say, twenty-four years ago, when I was busy soiling my first fair canvases with the tentative but ambitious little daubs that somehow faintly resembled the Tyrolese valley below us?"

"One of which," added Martin, "recently fetched four hundred pounds under the hammer at Granterby's Rooms."

"Five hundred," corrected Grale. "But no matter. You, if I remember, spent most of your time lying among the spring flowers a yard or so away and regaling me with all the great heroic and, in some cases, slightly obscene things you intended doing in the near and far future. They were entertaining for the most part, but a little distracting."

"I did them," said Martin; "or, at least, most of them."

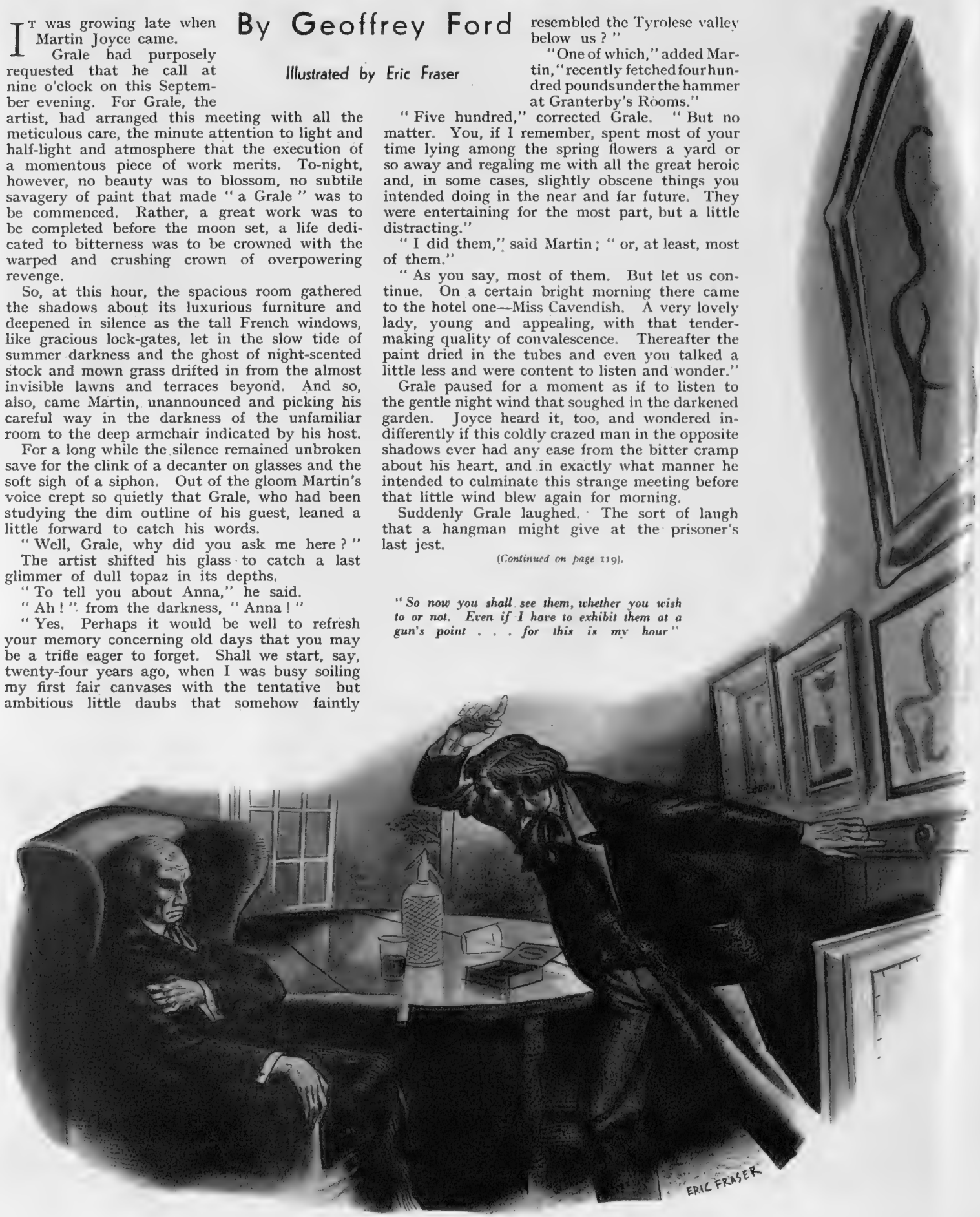
"As you say, most of them. But let us continue. On a certain bright morning there came to the hotel one—Miss Cavendish. A very lovely lady, young and appealing, with that tender-making quality of convalescence. Thereafter the paint dried in the tubes and even you talked a little less and were content to listen and wonder."

Grale paused for a moment as if to listen to the gentle night wind that soughed in the darkened garden. Joyce heard it, too, and wondered indifferently if this coldly crazed man in the opposite shadows ever had any ease from the bitter cramp about his heart, and in exactly what manner he intended to culminate this strange meeting before that little wind blew again for morning.

Suddenly Grale laughed. The sort of laugh that a hangman might give at the prisoner's last jest.

(*Continued on page 119*).

"So now you shall see them, whether you wish to or not. Even if I have to exhibit them at a gun's point . . . for this is my hour"



Cannons of Hollywood

HILDEGARDE AND HER HANDS

This head-and-hands picture takes perspective on a cabaret star who is at the moment part of London's night-life. She's a cosmopolitan girl, speaking English (with an American accent), French, and German, does most of her stuff at the Sheherezade in Paris, but is over here just now for the third time, appearing in the Ritz café chantant. Hildegarde sings songs and plays the piano to match; without setting the town on fire, she's a popular little person, has vivacity and that knack of making friends with her audience which is the difference between success and a flop

"Ball in Old Vienna"

Noelle de Mosa as the Debutante and Hans Zuellig as her Admirer are two of the four chief dancers in the most light-heartedly popular Jooss Ballet. "Ball in Old Vienna," is a charmingly frivolous piece, in which the solo dances, the ensembles, and Heckroth's dresses are equally delightful. Noelle de Mosa is a lovely little creature, and her dancing matches her looks

Ernst Uthoff and Elsa Kahl

"The Mirror" is Kurt Jooss's sequel to Green Table," with peace and its disillu final resurgence as its thematic sequence. El is the central figure of the ballet, and give

Noelle de Mosa

The Ballet

A Brilliantly Intelligent (

THE return of Kurt Jooss and his Company at the Gaiety) is a balletic event of gre nothing as subject matter, gay or profoun intelligence, and topicality which make it un members include eleven nationalities, are now many liking neither Fritz Cohen, the musical d was banned there. Their English home is they work between their tours. Last Wedn of M.P.'s and politicians to see *The Green T* Conferences is even more bitterly relevant to

Photographs by A

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The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Three Capital Novels: By A. G. Macdonell

If ever a book of exciting, blood-curdling adventure was packed full of one hundred per cent. value for your money, it is Mr. F. V. Morley's *War Paint* (Faber and Faber; 7*s.* 6*d.*). I have heard it described as an ideal present for boys. So it is, provided that it is always understood that the boys are from the age of twelve to the age of a hundred. The magnificent single-handed battles, the chases, the explosions, the desperate deeds, all these will thrill legal infant and centenarian alike, while there is also, to delight the maturer readers, an all-pervading background of knowledge and descriptive power. Indeed, Mr. Morley's knowledge is positively enormous. It is really startling. He is just as much at home in Napoleonic London as upon the north-west coast of North America. The tale opens in 1806, when two young Bostonian sailors are involved in a deadly quarrel between two Corinthian bucks. They help to rescue one from the rival faction and from the Bow Street Runners, and finally smuggle him aboard their ship and get him out of the country. All this part is full of fast, high-born Regency scufflings and rufflings. Then comes a really brilliant description of the sea voyage to Pernambuco, thence round the Horn and up the west coast. Adventure follows adventure, and thrill thrill. Battle, murder, and slow death crowd the pages. Midnight chimes from the village clock, but you cannot put the book down. One, two, and still you must go on, until at last you totter to bed and dream that King Towassiyah is about to offer you up as a human sacrifice to the Prince Regent in Boston Harbour. Now I hope Mr. Morley will give us a book all about the Corinthians. A successor to *Rodney Stone* is long overdue, and he is the man to fill the bill.

Studio Hugo, Cheltenham

Michael Rothenstein

Sir William Rothenstein's artist son is holding an exhibition of his paintings at the Leicester Galleries. He is also engaged to be married—to Miss Betty Fitzgerald, twin daughter of Mrs. L. Fitzgerald

I could hardly have believed that the author of *Penang Appointment*—excellent book though it was—could have advanced so far in a single stride as to produce *The Three Friends* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*). For it is an advance from what was—in my opinion, at any rate—admirable mediocrity to the very verge of the first-class. Mr. Norman Collins's new novel is a seething mass of living characters—queer little folk, most of them, but most palpitatingly vital. The humble commercial traveller, the masterful ditto, the enigmatic and fascinating "Captain"—Heavens! how many of those wandering "Captains" have I not met since "the fatal Armistice"!—the atmosphere of the bar-rooms in provincial towns, the earnestness and hypocrisy of the obscure religious sect, the perpetual and deadly fear of the "sack," the tiny tragedies that mean nothing to the rushing world and everything to the individual concerned—all these, and much more are drawn with a confident certainty of touch and a selective accuracy of detail that puts Mr. Collins high up in his profession. He has an almost Priestleyesque skill in describing the hopes and fears of the great submerged five-pound-a-week scurriers-to-and-fro.

It is, as I have once or twice been able gleefully to point out upon this page, a red-letter day for a reviewer when he can complete a hat-trick and praise three consecutive novels. Mr. Howard Spring provides the third with *Rachel Rosing* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is a sequel to *Shabby Tiger*, his first novel, which I confess I did not greatly admire. But this is a different affair altogether. It is a rounded, complete portrait of a woman, designed in the classical tradition, with its steady rise to its inevitable climax, and then the terrible crash, and then, in a few masterly lines, the ultimate rescue of everything that is worth while from the wreckage. The portrait of Rachel is very well done, with her almost incredible selfishness and cruelty, and the young man whom she tries so hard to destroy is also excellent. I wish that the climax, the pounce of the pursuing Nemesis, had not been quite so melodramatic. But there—stop carping and admit that you enjoyed the book very much.

Students of contemporary movements in Scotland will be interested in three small but brilliant books which have just arrived. Mr. G. M. Thomson discusses the economic problems of the land which Sassenachs delight in calling North Britain, in *Scotland That Depressed Area* (Porpoise Press; 3*s.* 6*d.*). It is a melancholy story, and one which should be read very carefully by those infuriating and arrogant Scots whose delight it is to boast, "We run England and the Empire." The others are the first of a series of Messrs. Routledge at 5*s.* each—Mr. Eric Linklater with *The Lion Beat the Unicorn*, and Mr. Neil Gunn with *Whisky and Scotland*.

Mr. Linklater is, as usual, provocative, brilliant, dashing, a regular Murat among controversialists. His invective is magnificent, his courage quite dauntless. Mr. Gunn—the second Scottish Exciseman to wield a poetical pen—is different. He looks at the tragedy of his native land, not with the economist's eye, nor yet the Light Hussar's, but rather as a philosopher and a poet. There is no question whatever that the best minds in Scotland are restlessly stirring, but one can only wonder whether they are not too late.

The ideal Christmas present for your rich business-men friends who already own sixty-four cocktail-shakers and eighty-two cigar-cases, is *Business for Pleasure* (Hamish Hamilton; 3*s.* 6*d.*), by Mr. Mark Spade. It is a delicious skit on our great magnates and their methods.

A fortnight ago, in reviewing Mr. Duff Cooper's *Haig*, I made a mistake. I assumed that by "River War" he meant the Boer War. In self-defence I must say that I first of all hunted in vain for the "River War" in the *Cambridge Modern History* and *Chambers's Encyclopædia*. But—and this is where I went wrong—I had missed the fact that Mr. Cooper himself had already mentioned that Mr. Winston Churchill had described the Omdurman campaign of 1898 as the River War. The elaborate barrage of heavy sarcasm which I built up on my erroneous assumption therefore falls rather ludicrously to the ground, leaving no one looking foolish except myself. There is one consolation—the mistake was discovered—but, alas! just too late—in the Bystander office, and this note was drawn up before the first of the major-generals opened fire. But there is no real excuse, and I apologise as gracefully as may be to the author for the mistake, and only trust that it gave him as hearty a laugh as it seems to have given the major-generals.

NICKNAMES OF

What Their Friends

"SCATTERS"

Lieut-Col. Sir Mathew Richard Henry Wilson, C.S.I., D.S.O., 4th Baronet, looks a rubicund Yorkshireman and is. Likes horse-racing and all good things of life. Still enjoys same at sixty

"BOY"

Capt. Bernard A. Wilson was a Grenadier and is a smiling turf supporter. Member of "Buck's and all that, old boy"

"BILLIE"

Viscountess Scarsdale was christened Mildred. Has handsome husband, four daughters, and Kedleston, where titled and wealthy meet at week-ends

"PRESIDENT"

Lt.-General Charles John Cecil Grant C.B., D.S.O., is a remarkable soldier, and the husband of a remarkable lady — Lord Rosebery's sister. As modest as this picture indicates

"TURKEY"

Mr. Turquand-Young played Rugby for his country. A typical hearty, full of brawn and goodwill

"BOODLEY"

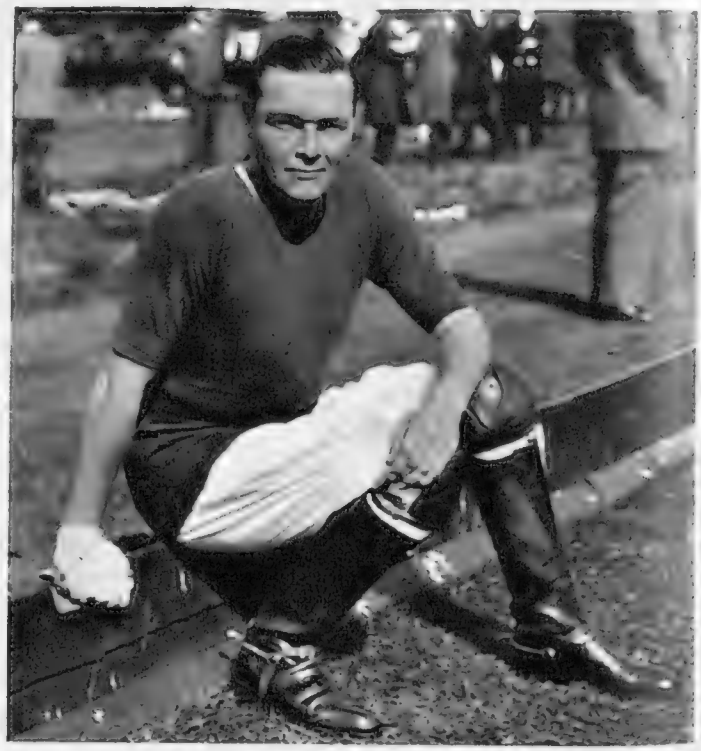
Lady Helena Albreda Marie Gabrielle Fitzwilliam, is youngest and only unmarried daughter of Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam. A gay girl, with a perfect skin. Plump and lively

"BROWNIE"

Mrs. Kenneth Hollway, born Clare Bridgeman, has sparkling jewellery and slinky clothes. Wears them at restaurants and race meetings. Sylvia, Lady Ashley's, great friend

"WENDY"/"DURELL"

Miss Audrey Sale-Barker, former ski-ing champion and well-built sports girl, is "Wendy" to flying friends and "Durell" in Mürren



"LADDIE"

Mr. Stephen Sanford, American polo player de luxe and super he-man, lives at 9, East 72nd Street when not hunting with the Harford County (Maryland) or shooting duck and goals elsewhere

NOTABLES
Call Them

"FRUITY"

Major Edward Dudley Metcalfe, M.V.O., M.C. is one of the most attractive men of his generation. Irish as they make them. Should be painted by Cowan Dobson, Elwes, and all fashionable artists

"PORTIA"

Viscountess Stanley was the Hon. Sibyl Louise Beatrix Cadogan. Has the dignity and beauty her nickname denotes. Does not unbend easily

Below: Mrs. Kenelm Lee Guinness, whose husband is heir to his father the 3rd Baronet, was Josephine Strangman. Is cute, purposeful, ambitious and definitely all there

"POSEY"

"BUS"

The Hon. Mrs. Mountjoy Fane's real names are Agatha Isabel, you'll be astonished to hear. Knows all about a horse. Keeps successful livery stable near Stamford. Popular person

"BIFFLE"

Air Vice-Marshal A. E. Borton, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., A.F.C., R.A.F., (retd.) For war-time career see Sefton Brancker's "Life"—just out. For snow-prints search Kitzbuhel

"FLASH"

Captain Kellett, who married the piquant Myrtle Atherley, is best-tailored of fresh-complexioned racing males. Note bowler in relation to right ear

"POPPY"

Left: Mrs. Peter Thursby was Helen Azalea Baring, featured debutante of post-war seasons. Has alluring tropical looks and the now-so-fashionable curves

"TY"

Miss Gwendolen Margaret Mary Grace MacRae is twenty-five-year-old daughter of Major Colin and Lady Margaret MacRae. Has Bohemian tastes, looks and locks

"BURGHIE"

The Earl of Westmorland was Lord Burghersh till 1922, hence nickname. Earldom and Barony created 1624. Present holder set fair to succeed Lord Lonsdale as pattern sporting peer

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Finding England's Fifteen

R. U. Reynolds (Lancashire and Cheshire) picks up neatly from the feet of the All Blacks forwards during the match at Birkenhead Park. The visitors were very much on their mettle and won in convincing style by 21 points to 8

The London Scottish are going great guns this season, and recently beat the Harlequins at Richmond by 13 points to 8. Two of the 'Quins, G. E. C. Hudson and G. J. Dean, are seen above with Miss Susan Reynolds, before the start of the game

THIS game of ours is a bit puzzling. Last year we bemoaned the lack of good forwards in England. This year the New Zealanders come over here with a pack supposed to be crushingly formidable, and our despised scrummagers tear it to bits.

Are we to infer that scrummaging in the home countries has improved mysteriously during the summer? Or must we admit that the New Zealanders were, not to put too fine a point upon it, shockingly unfit for the first six matches of their tour?

The answer, I think, is a little bit of both. Our packs realised that the New Zealanders were not up to snuff forward, and piled in according. And the New Zealanders took some time to acclimatise themselves before they gave us a considerable shock against Lancashire and Cheshire at Birkenhead.

From now on, unless I am much mistaken, we shall see the real All Blacks. Watch, in particular, Oliver in the centre and little Sadler at scrum-half.

OLIVER is the oldest member of the team, and Sadler the youngest. Oliver is a great player already, and Sadler is well on the way to becoming one, though he still has a certain amount to learn. Sadler looks about fifteen years old, but he can take it like a veteran. And he is irrepressible, and uncommonly sturdy and strong: the sort of player who sets a crowd chuckling.

Still, I did not set out to discuss the All Blacks, who are now embarked upon the invasion of Scotland.

WHAT I am really getting at is the fact that the English Selectors, travelling great distances in search of material, must find themselves in considerable perplexity and stress of mind.

They have seen representative matches in the West, the North, the Midlands, and London. And if you asked them to name a dozen probable England players, you would, I think, embarrass them considerably.

A full-back? Boughton was right off form against the All Blacks. H. G. Owen-Smith is playing again, and he might solve the problem.

Wing three-quarters? Well, there are young players, like G. S. Butler and E. J. Unwin, and I suppose one must consider older ones, like L. A. Booth, but where are your certainties? H. S. Sever, of Sale, had a good match against the All Blacks, and I am bound to say that his strength and determination were impressive; but he hardly looked like a potential England wing.

CENTRES? Here, I suppose, we must tip P. Cranmer as a probable, though I have not heard how he is playing this year. For his partner, we should be able to pick R. A. Gerrard, still very young; but Gerrard has lost the exceptional pace which marked him out as an England player a couple of years ago.

This is an odd thing. Gerrard seemed to be certain to develop into one of the mainstays of the England team, and it is difficult to decide exactly what has happened to him. He is still a strong, good player, and he found the gap in the All Blacks' midfield defence right enough when he turned out against them at Bristol. I rather think, though, that he has slowed down to the tempo of West Country football, and that is very slow indeed.

Most marked, it is, this West Country lack of speed, though why it should be so is a problem indeed.

TO go to the other extreme, we have exceptionally quick players, like R. Leyland and J. Heaton. Leyland may fit into the picture, though he has not yet found his best form, but I doubt very much whether Heaton can be regarded as a possible. Heaton has football in him, there is no question of that, but I am inclined to think that he lacks the temperament. If things are going well, Heaton is irresistible, a grand opportunist, and a most elusive runner. In a club or county match, with his side well on top, he looks like the most dangerous attacking centre in England. Put him really up against it, though, and he fades away.

HERE let us hope that the Selectors will go all out for attack this year, and forget the bogey of defence. I know defence is essential, but there are two main and widely differing approaches to team selection. The first says: "We must stop these All Blacks. Let 's hold them, and wear them down steadily, and strike from close range." The second argument runs: "Never mind about holding them. Make them hold us, if they can. Let 's go all out for speed and scoring power. What does it matter if they take thirty points off us, provided we take thirty-five off them?" And the second viewpoint is the one which appeals to me.

You may think that this is an argument in favour of players like Heaton, but such players must be consistent in attack, and Heaton is not that.

STAND-OFF half? J. R. Avry and J. Bowker are candidates, perhaps, but not, as yet, particularly convincing ones. Here a relatively unknown player may be considered—G. A. Walker, of the Air Force. Walker is very small, but exceptionally quick. I have not seen enough of him to form any final opinion, and yet I rather fancy we shall at least find him in an England trial match this year.

Scrum-half? B. C. Gadney is the outstanding claimant at the moment—here, incidentally, it is worth noting that Gadney's brother is decidedly one of the best of the younger referees.

Well, there it is—not a very impressive list of players, I 'm afraid, though I daresay that the picture is rather more sombre on paper than it will prove to be in reality.

AS for the forwards, where are our Voyces and Prices and Wilkinsons? I think we shall find the forwards right enough, though it would be a mistake to try to match the All Blacks at their own game of quick breaking and open work.

Our chance against New Zealand, I am certain, lies in real scrummaging. We may as well admit that we have not the fast, intelligent forwards of requisite physique; but we can find eight workers who will at least pin the All Blacks down and give our backs a reasonable number of chances in the open. Solidity forward, and speed behind, those are the qualities we need in the England team.

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Pavane For Old Treachery

(Continued from page 108)

"Let us increase the tempo a little, Joyce. Time and circumstances held up my marriage to Anna for three more light mountain springs and summers. Wonderful months, filled with a growing happiness that kept step for step with increasing fame. And sometimes there would be you to beguile us with pleasant idiocy and make flower-chains for Anna's fair, unruly hair. Even when that telegram called me back to England and my father's bedside, I had no need to be seriously dismayed. Easy enough to arrange that Anna should stay on another fortnight before I picked her up on our way to Germany. After all, you were there to look after her. You were, weren't you, Joyce?"

No answer came to this but a sigh of wind from the garden that only served to increase the silence within the room.

Suddenly Grale spoke again.

"There's nothing very romantic about a sudden shock, Joyce. One just feels extremely sick in the stomach and a little white round the heart. When I got back to the hotel and they told me that you and Anna had gone, I——"

"Must you," cut in Martin, "kick about among the dead leaves? The lane has been strewn with them for so many years, Grale, and remorse for past indiscretions is not, unfortunately, one of my few redeeming traits. You know how I loved Anna: you know how I walked out on her: also you know equally well that if I had my life again," he paused, "my life and you, and Anna, I'd act in precisely the same way, so don't you think the leaves might lie on, undisturbed?"

"The dead leaves, my dear Joyce, shall dance a jig for you; or shall we say a Pavane for Old Treachery? Listen. I took Anna back when she returned; unfortunately, I could not lay my hands upon you; you were too clever for that, but I had perpetually with me a very excellent medium for retaliation. You will no doubt remember Anna's strange delicacy of mind and heart and recall that fascinating and aloof fastidious outlook of hers that made her pick her way like an incredibly gracious young gazelle through our earlier days. You remember, Joyce?"

Martin made no reply, but stirred in the shadows and caught his breath sharply.

"Well," continued Grale, "I changed all that. As one pulls the petals from a lovely flower, I plucked the petals from her mind. It was rather a clever piece of work. Always I kept before me two objects. First, that here was my material for a perfect psychological masterpiece of painting—or, rather, series of paintings—'The Decline and Fall of Rare Beauty,' as it were, and so I painted her every few years, Joyce, as the lustre faded and the fine faceting dulled its edges. I caught the birth of mental coarseness in those grey eyes. I fixed for ever in a later portrait a certain slackening of the lower lip. And as I planted and pruned and weeded and gradually transformed that woodland glade into a blowzy flower-patch of jangling colours, I marked every step with a canvas. She was always impressionable, and the work of mental and moral demolition and reconstruction became, I admit, almost an obsession with me, my dear Joyce. Whenever I succeeded in making her wince, or whenever I saw that she realised her own unhappiness without knowing the cause, and on those frequent occasions when I saw other people a trifle shocked or a little disconcerted at this transformation, then I used to feel as if I had, for one moment, through her, managed to get my hands upon your throat."

He peered into the darkness at Martin, or the shadow within the shadows that was his guest and victim combined, and the intensity of his hate and bitterness seemed to deepen the night between them like a smothering curtain. With an effort he kept his voice under control and continued:

"But she died, my good friend, just before I could complete the series, two years ago, and that left me with only my second object—my one, greatest and last ambition—namely, to find you some day, somehow, and show you this pretty gallery and watch your face, Joyce. Watch your damned face go white. And then you turned up in England again. You didn't even have to be hunted—you just came like a lamb to your own slaughter. So now you shall see them whether you wish to or not. Even if I have to exhibit them at a gun's point you shall see them, for this is my hour. Do you understand? The hour I've been waiting for, planning for—yes, and painting for, with all the skill I knew. And now at long last you shall see Anna, my Anna—or shall I say our Anna?"

Grale stretched out his hand and snapped on the switch. Sudden blinding light flooded the room and walls, and the sad, monstrous gallery of hate that stared down from them. But Martin Joyce never stirred. Grale strode to the first of the pictures.

"Look—look, damn you! Here, when she was——"

His voice died to a whisper and trailed into silence as he gazed at the calm, seated figure in the armchair. Gazed into the pale blue eyes of Martin Joyce, who was blind: quite, quite blind.

THE END.

"What did Mamma tell you about playing in the streets?"

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

The mediæval trend which is influencing so many of the autumn fashions, is present in this lovely dinner frock from the tea-gown department at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. It is expressed in a silver brocade shot with green which shimmers and takes on new lights with every movement. The corsage is moulded and the skirt sweeps into graceful fulness below the knees. Olive-green velvet in the shape of a flared frill softens the neck, while the full bishop sleeves are drawn into a cuff. Another charming model is carried out in black satin-backed marocain with a train. It has a high, boat-shaped neck, and draped sleeves in gold lamé shot with purple

Photo by Philip Harben

Tweed And Jersey Suits—The Trouser-Skirt Returns To Favour

The trouser-skirt has come to the fore once more for day and evening. There is certainly nothing more practical for golf and country wear in general, as it allows sufficient freedom without appearing clumsy. In the suit above, for example, the trousered effect in the skirt is so cleverly worked that to the uninitiated it suggests a pleat. It is carried out in a plain brown rough-surfaced tweed, and has a stitched belt. The check coat which accompanies it is a harmonious blending of autumnal tints. It is belted with a pleated basque across the back, a plain collar and patch pockets. The price is 9½ guineas, and it comes from the sportswear department at Harrods, Knightsbridge, together with the suit on the right. This is made in jersey and costs 9 guineas. The cardigan is belted and has jabot cuffs to match the jumper which accompanies it. The latter is made in Angora lace with a two-coloured diamond check, and softly-falling jabot. The skirt is quite plain, save for panel pleating. It is made in several colour schemes, including nigger and turquoise

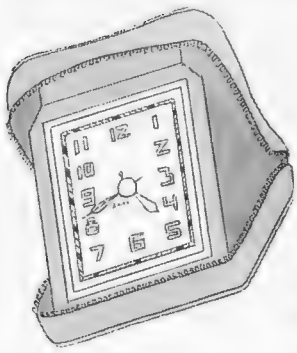
Photos by Lenare

The Bystander Tours

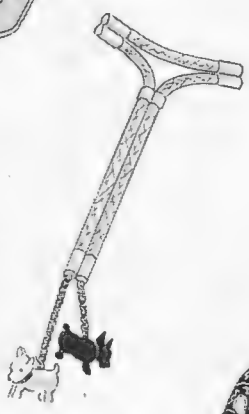
discovered by pets;

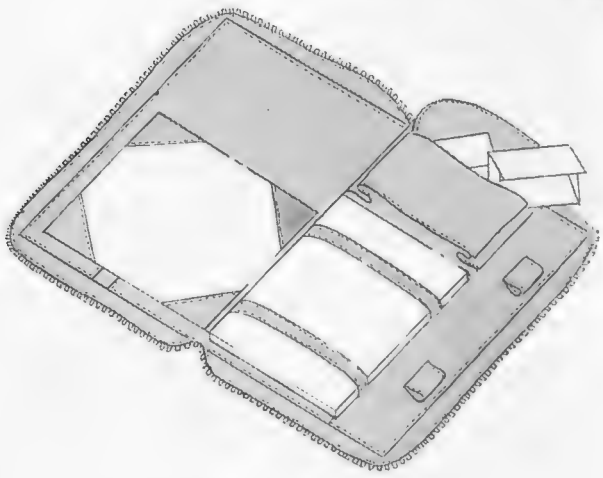
pictured by paw:

in search of Novelties

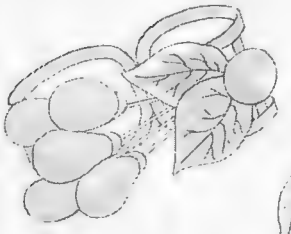


A travelling clock is always a welcome gift. This one runs for eight days without having to be rewound, and keeps excellent time. It costs 21s. and has a morocco case with a lightning fastener. The leather fob next to it with the Aberdeen terriers, introduces a new note in accessories, and only costs 5s. Both these come from Swan and Edgar



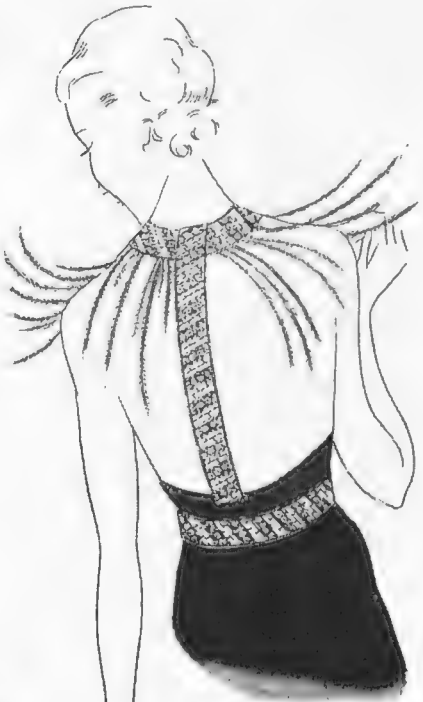


This delightful writing-case is exceptionally practical as it holds a lot and yet takes up very little room. It is made of morocco and is available in several colours. There are, of course, numerous pockets and places for keeping stamps, paper, and envelopes. From Revelation, 170, Piccadilly, it costs 27s. 6d.



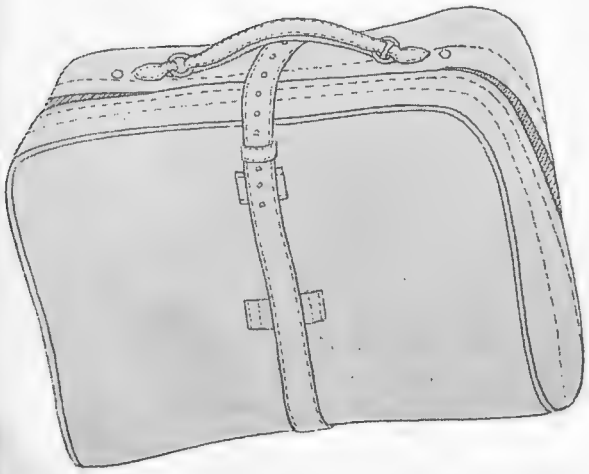
Barbaric jewellery is a characteristic feature of this season's fashions, and is very effective. This bracelet and clip are gilt with large grape pearls. They are sold separately at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly

Baroque designed and made this lovely frock. It is white with striking black velvet sleeves enriched with open-work embroidery in black and silver cord. Note the plain, bell-shaped cuffs



Here are a few notes from Baroque. He introduces single paradise fronds round the diamanté collar band on a black velvet frock, and adds a sable-dyed squirrel collar to a silver and red cloque model. He also makes lavish use of ostrich feathers for trimming skirts, sleeves and necklines

"Travel light," and especially by aeroplane, is one of the slogans of to-day, so Revelation have designed this suit-case which only weighs five pounds. It is made of calf hide, and fastens with a lightning fastener and strap



The "Bystander's" Ladies

Autumn Foursomes (14th Year)

At Ranelagh and Roehampton

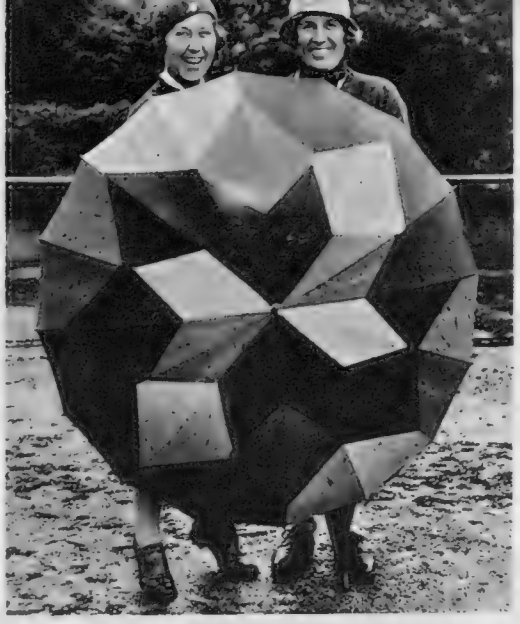
The First Two Days' Play : By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

As we were battling round Birkdale in the last stages of the English Championship, with the rain dripping from chilly noses—and toeses—I overheard a spectator remark enthusiastically : "You know, I do like golfers—they 're so cheerful!" The opinion came back to me on the first day of the BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes, when the two hundred and fifty-six competitors at Ranelagh all managed to smile through the rain, and the reports came through from Roehampton that they were doing the same there. But then, everyone is always cheerful at these Foursomes. I tremble to think of the loss of gaiety to the community if anybody should lay hands on Ranelagh. "They *daren't*!" competitors were saying, and I had an instant mental picture of our five hundred Autumn Foursomes competitors invading the Mansion House (or wherever any meeting of protest should be held) in a body.

What is more, it was not the rain, nor even their own struggles in it, that they seemed to be discussing half so much as that very championship at Birkdale, and the marvel of how Mrs. Garon played and won that final at the thirty-eighth hole after coming off worst in an unfortunate encounter with some oysters the night before, so that she played her two rounds on nothing more sustaining than two cups of invalid food! Quite apart from that, it was a great performance on her part. None the less gallant, or only a little less so, was Miss Corlett's in taking her so far—a feat of courage that is going to make all the difference to that fine golfer's belief in her own powers, and therefore in the use of them.

Foursomes or no, I must just run over the main events of the last three days at Birkdale. On the Wednesday Miss Gourlay going out to Miss Timberg ; Miss Barton to Mrs. Swinscoe ; the dark horse ; Miss Hodgson, to Miss Judith Fowler ; the way Miss Cohen—to be heard of later at Roehampton—took Miss Sylvia Bailey to the nineteenth—these were the chief topics. Next morning, Miss Wanda Morgan, by then favourite for the Championship, going out to Miss Bailey, who seems on the high road now to fulfilling her promise of Girls' Championship and just after ; Mrs. Garon taken to the nineteenth by Miss Newell, after being 5 up and out in 37. Semi-finals in which Miss Corlett beat Miss Bailey on the last green and Mrs. Garon beat Mrs. Newton 6 and 5. Next day, that amazingly interesting final, with Mrs. Garon one up at lunch time, two down nine holes later, square at the twelfth, and thereafter half after half, with one or other doing something brilliant at each of them, until Mrs. Garon broke the sequence at long last by winning the 38th. Great golf from them both, so that it seemed terribly hard that either had to lose.



Miss Wanda Morgan (Rochester) and Miss Doris Chambers (Wirral) defy the elements with a cheerful grace and a check umbrella. They entered the semi-final with a 3 and 2 victory over Miss Hamilton and Miss Halsted

Miss I. M. Payne and Mrs. B. G. Kent (seen on the left), of Northwick Park, with Miss N. Halsted (Walton Heath) and Miss J. Hamilton (Tandridge), to whom they lost 5 and 4 in the second round

Miss Diana Plumpton (Frinton) and Miss D. Wilkins (Chigwell) with their second-round opponents, Miss G. Walford and Mrs. D. Kemp (Woodcote Park), whom they beat in the second round by 6 and 5

Miss B. Pyman (Royal Porthcawl) and Mrs. J. A. Thomas (West Cornwall) had a surprising second-round victory by 2 up over Miss B. Dix-Perkin and Miss Enid Wilson (Sandy Lodge), who are seen with them

Lady Alness and Mrs. M. R. Garon (Addington), who, in the third round, were beaten at the nineteenth by the holders, Mrs. G. H. Carbutt and Miss B. Newell

Two players from "Down Under" : Miss A. Chomley and Miss A. W. Adams, who failed to survive the first round, losing to Miss M. Foster and Miss J. Lancaster 5 and 4

Above: Mrs. Thomas Smith (Roehampton) and Miss B. Eliot (Wentworth), with Miss Diana Fishwick and Mrs. Leonard Martin (Wentworth), whom they defeated 3 and 1 in the second round

Right: Mrs. F. R. M. de Paula (Porter's Park), Miss M. F. Patrick (Berks), Mrs. Cavendish Fuller (R. Mid-Surrey), and Miss J. Stewart (R. Wimbledon). Miss Patrick and Miss Stewart beat the other two in the second round

Left: some second-round competitors seen by the thirteenth green. They are Miss D. Lamplough (Bournemouth), Mrs. Hunt (Brockenhurst Manor), and Miss Janet Jackson (Island), Miss D. Turner (Stinchcombe), and Miss J. Barnes-Gorell (Berks), with Mrs. King

holes in three under fours, and died only on the 17th green, where there was a half in birdie threes.

Miss Mervyn Barton and Mrs. Davis, last year's runners-up, had a great second round scare from the ex-Veteran Champion, Mrs. Beard, and Miss Heath, for they were three down and four to go, came home in 32, and even so could win only at the 20th. In the afternoon they won by 4 and 2 from Miss Dove and Mrs. Kellie, who had signalized promotion from Roehampton by some really good golf, notably in their first round, when they were one under fours at the 10th, when beating Miss Doris Lytton and her sister, Mrs. Philip Hill 6 and 5.

MRS. GUEDALLA and Miss Regnart spent their first three rounds giving six strokes in each—proving that the thing can be done, though Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Dix-Perkin, and Miss Diana Fishwick and Mrs. Leonard Martin all perished in the attempt—to the great credit of Miss Barbara Pyman and Mrs. Thomas (Miss Avis Cornwell), and Mrs. Tom Smith and Miss Betty Eliot respectively.

And, at the time of writing, Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Chambers still go strong, and so do Miss Joy Winn and Miss Sylvia Bailey, though both these couples have no more than 2 joint handicap.

Mrs. Sheffield and Miss Howard are proving as good a combination as last year, when they were semi-finalists, Mrs Finlay and Miss Joannides have pulled themselves out of the fire more than once, and are putting

Cruel, too, that Mrs. Garon should have to face a nine o'clock starting time at Ranelagh, when the weather was at its worst. And she had not even the consolation, which seemed to reconcile some competitors to their early starts, of having travelled there on a workman's ticket. But she and Lady Alness did at least console themselves by playing sound golf, both then and the next morning. It was in the third round that they met their Waterloo, and that just when they seemed safe, for they were dormy two on the holders, Mrs. Carbutt and Miss Newell, to whom they were giving two strokes. Then, of all the things in the world to be least expected from Mrs. Garon, she holed the opponents' ball at the 17th. Thus encouraged, Miss Newell did some holing for herself at the 18th, a long one for a 3. And then, at the 19th, Mrs. Garon was short with a pitch—she who had pitched so superbly all through the week at Birkdale; and missed a putt—she who had putted equally superbly—and the holders were through again.

They, after a first-round walk-over, had an amazing match against Mrs. Douglas Fish and Mrs. Eric Preston, who gave them one stroke. Miss Newell's side ran away at the beginning, but Mrs. Fish's came home in 31, and only lost on the last green. Funnier things might happen than for the holders to go on holding, though Miss Gibbons and Mrs. Gallatly, the Esmond sisters, and Miss Ferelith Low with Mlle. Nellie Wiener, have to be disposed of before they are even in the prize list.

If a particular feather must be found for the cap of Miss Diana and Miss Lulu Esmond, it must be for defeating Mrs. Percy and Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, who had played splendidly until that moment.

"PUTTING beautifully" was the verdict passed on Miss Low's side by their defeated opponents; in fact, putting all round is extremely high class this year, which shows how really good Ranelagh greens are. One match—it was Miss Gatehouse and Miss Cradock-Hartopp on Wednesday afternoon—said that their best ball's putts were ten under twos. It took a minute for that to penetrate to a brain partially numbed with the cold wind. Then I arrived at it that on ten greens one or other of that pair and Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. Lamplough had only taken one putt. Good enough, in all conscience—like Miss Hartopp's side going out in 32 in the morning and 33 in the afternoon. Their morning match was one of the best. They turned 5 up, and then Miss Fargus and Miss Marsden set about them, took the next eight

A Roehampton quartette: Mrs. Fletcher (Northampton), Mrs. Rennie (West Byfleet), Miss I. Bell (Roehampton), and Mrs. Whittington (West Byfleet). The West Byfleet pair were the winners

beautifully; Miss Jean Hamilton and Miss Nancy Halsted are still in; so are Miss Mary Lake and Miss Speight, Miss Dorrit Wilkins and Miss Plumpton, Mrs. Woollam and Mrs. Oldershaw.

It is a position full of possibilities. So it is at Roehampton, where everything has been going swimmingly, as usual, in the figurative sense, under the management of Mrs. Deane and Mrs. Key. One ex-Veteran Champion apparently thought the swim should be literal, for she took a dive, face downwards, into the immense puddle which called itself the path beside the first tee. "Bloody but unbowed" she arose, was anointed with iodine, sallied forth and won her match: won again the next morning, when she might have been forgiven feeling stiff and sore, and only went out in the third round, and then to a couple who were fancied to go far, Miss Windeler and Miss J. Cohen (who took Miss Bailey to the 19th in the fifth round of the English Championship).

THE standard has gone up with a leap at Roehampton this year; there is a real live international in Mrs. Mills, who played for Wales at Newcastle this spring, and she and the Countess of Brecknock are going very strong at the time of writing. And there is Miss Pamela Martin Smith, who was a Scottish Foursomes semi-finalist at Lossiemouth, and now, with her longer-handicap sister, for some time looked like doing at least equally well at Roehampton.

Sister pairs are always to be found there; Mrs. Kenneth Morrice managed to get away from Lincoln's Inn this year, and she and Mrs. Sanderson won their first match, but went out in the next to Mrs. K. B. Anderson and Mrs. Stanier. The same fate befell Mrs. Medrington and Mrs. Liebert.

On the other hand there is a mother-and-daughter pair still left in (Mrs. Black and Mrs. Patrick Murray), who won a desperate encounter on the last green, after being five down to Mrs. Bingeman and Mrs. Bottome and then beat Mrs. Lennox Burgoyne and Mrs. Lusk.

MISS N. E. COOTE and Mrs. Kellar Frost, at 18, started the week favourites, as well as back-markers, but Miss Windeler and Miss Cohen numbered them among their victims, and now opinion at Roehampton, expressed over the lunch which was so excellent that it even made players late for their starting times, is that the prizes will go to Mrs. Mills and Lady Brecknock, Miss Windeler and Miss Cohen, the Martin-Smith sisters, and Mrs. Waldron Rose and Miss Appleton.

Be that as it may, I am risking no prophecies, either there or at Ranelagh—where we also linger over a superlative lunch trying to pick winners. One might say, in guarded fashion, that whoever wins will deserve it—that, at least, cannot be far from truth, for the rounds are many, and the weather has been very unkind. Still, golfers are always so cheerful! Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

On the Roehampton Course

Above: Miss C. Martin-Smith and Miss P. Martin-Smith (Knebworth), who went out in the fourth round

Below, right: Lady Brecknock driving from the sixteenth tee on the Roehampton course

Above: Mrs. J. Winser (Berkshire) and Mrs. E. Curry (Stoke Poges), teamed-up at Roehampton

Right: Miss B. Evered and Miss M. Clarke (Roehampton) with Miss J. Moorcroft and Miss V. Ellis (Walton Heath), by whom they were beaten

Mrs. Brennan and her daughter, Miss E. Brennan (West Kent), with Mrs. D. C. Crittall and Mrs. Campbell Goodall (Stanmore), whom they beat in the Autumn Foursomes at Roehampton

Left: F. H. Jarvis, of Harpenden, who won the Desborough Cup for lawn tennis golfers with a score of 73. The competition took place over the West Hill course

Right: A. D. Stocks and J. B. Gilbert, seen on the extreme left and right, won the Desborough Cup Foursomes. With them are Maurice Bryceson and Mary Heeley, who was making her first appearance in a golf competition

Miss Olive Webb, the Kent lawn tennis captain, is a most competent golfer and was runner-up for the Desborough Cup. With her is Dick Parton, the son of Mrs. T. M. Mavrogordato, the former Wimbledon mixed doubles champion and Wightman Cup captain

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Surrey Open Championship

THE Surrey Open Championship, which has lately been played over the Old Course at Walton Heath, is always preceded by a match between amateurs and professionals of the county. The holder, A. Perry, was not able to defend his title as he is in the United States with our Ryder Cup team, and for the same reason W. J. Cox (Addington), the only assistant who has ever played in a Ryder Cup match, was also absent. The chief feature in the championship and the match preceding it this year was the good golf played by the amateurs and the assistants. The professionals at most games can usually beat the amateurs, and this annual match between the Surrey professionals and amateurs has on several occasions resulted in an overwhelming victory for the professionals. The reasons are not difficult to find: the professionals are generally better players and, as a team, most certainly better balanced; their last man is very little, if at all, inferior to their first, while the amateurs have a distinct tail, and this year actually lost six of the last seven matches, and were on even terms with the last four matches to finish; all of these were lost.

A NEWCOMER to the amateur team this year was A. Poulton (Burwood Artisans), who is a gardener and the winner of the gold medal presented for the best scratch scores over thirty-six holes at the Artisan meeting at Burhill. Poulton will probably not be eligible to play for the Surrey amateurs again as he told me that he is considering going into the professional's shop at Burhill. Poulton won his single, but lost his foursome; he had never previously played in a foursome and consequently did not settle down to his normal game until his side were four holes down. He then produced really good golf, and got two holes back, to be beaten by the narrow margin of 2 and 1. Poulton is at present a good natural player who wastes no time playing his shots, and he will no doubt improve his golf very considerably under the guidance of Charles White, the Burhill professional. As Fred Robson was unable to play, owing to the death of Mr. J. F. Abercromby, James Braid came out of retirement and led the professional side.

MAJOR S. K. THORBURN, the Surrey amateur champion, who was naturally leading the amateur team, just managed to defeat Braid by the narrowest margin. It was a very fine performance on the part of Major Thorburn, because, although Braid is not as young as he was and cannot see as well as he used to, James is still a most difficult man to beat on his own course at Walton Heath, where he knows the distance of every shot, and consequently the handicap of bad sight is very considerably reduced.

BEFORE writing a few words about the championship, I should like to mention something about the Old Course at Walton Heath and its general playing condition during this championship. As everyone knows, it is very difficult to do a good score at Walton Heath, but I doubt if the various reasons for this are generally known. The Old Course possesses only two short holes—namely, the sixth (150 yards) and the twelfth (172 yards), and consequently a golfer can expect only two threes on his card, with the exception of flukes; it is true that the very long hitter can, on occasions, reach with his tee shot the first (298 yards), third (285 yards), and fifth (266 yards), but these holes are usually just out of reach of the average first-class professional. The deep heather is extremely difficult to get out of and most players are satisfied if they can return to the nearest point of the fairway in one shot. The short heather—which, on most courses, supplies the golfer with a reasonably good lie—is very tough, and so it is seldom possible to play a long recovery shot from it. I saw George Gadd early in the year and he informed me that he had in his shop a really good boy, who, he thought, would have a great future in the game, and that he intended to play with him in the Open Foursomes at Sunningdale.

THIS boy, W. Laidlaw (Malden G. C.), won the Surrey Open with the wonderful score, under the prevailing weather conditions, of 70, followed by a very steady and safe 75. There was a wind against the players from the second tee to the eighth green which made the second shots at the second, fourth, seventh and eighth holes very long: these shots were, in fact, full shots with wood for the majority of those playing. Before play started, I prophesied that two rounds of 73 would win: Laidlaw beat these scores by a solitary shot and would still have won if he had taken one more stroke. Jack Field, another assistant from Sunningdale, also put up a very fine performance as, in spite of the fact that he had never seen the course before, he returned cards of 78 and 70.

FIELD was assisted considerably by his ability to play shots through the green with his driver, and consequently he was playing second shots with this club without effort when his adversaries were forcing brassie shots in an endeavour to get home. Field finished in the third place, one shot behind D. J. Rees (the assistant from the Surbiton G. C.), who won the Assistants' Championship this year, after having reached the final last year. Thus we saw three assistants at the head of the field, which is surely a good omen for the future. Even if Perry and Cox had been able to play, I do not think that the result would have been different.

THE leading amateur, C. D. Gray, was only four shots behind the winner, with scores of 75 and 74, and Brig.-General A. C. Critchley, after a magnificent 73 in the morning, sacrificed most of his lunch hour to practice and then took 78—a good score, but not good enough. Leslie Garnett should have broken the amateur record of the course, but in his second round of 73 he had the misfortune to take eight shots to the seventh hole, and failed by only two shots.

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Overheard on the Wing

By Charles Ward

Women are learning to fly in India as in the other Dominions. Our photograph is of Mrs. Sequeira, wife of the Taxing Master at the Bombay High Court, who has obtained her pilot's licence at Juhu, which is the headquarters of the Bombay Flying Club

In Search of Adventure: Mr. David Llewellyn, son of the President of the Royal Academy, with Mrs. Jill Wyndham, who have planned a flight to the Cape and back in one of the fastest owner-pilot 'planes, the "Hendy Heck"

Flying After Dark

WINTER schedules do not entail as many changes in Continental air services as formerly, and, in fact, Imperial Airways has opened a new line to Cologne, to be flown entirely by night. The 'plane leaves Croydon at 8.15 and makes the journey non-stop in 2 hours 40 minutes. Passengers for Budapest stay the night in Cologne, continuing by the same 'plane the following morning. The after-dark service to Paris, introduced by Imperial Airways last winter, is now a permanency, leaving Croydon and Le Bourget respectively at 7 p.m. Passengers can enjoy an excellent dinner en route. The Royal Dutch services between London and Berlin twice daily are to be continued during the winter, operations being shared with Luft Hansa. The comparatively new company, British Continental Airways, is starting daily services to Amsterdam, Brussels, and Lille. Sir Percy Mackinnon who has been several times chairman of Lloyds, is the head of the company, and its fleet consists of de Havilland air liners, the Dragon, Rapide and Express. Railway Air Services has an encouraging result to declare for the recent summer season. Passengers carried were 300 per cent. up on last year, and total mileage has exceeded half a million.

Over the Drink

THE prospect of a direct air service between New York and London becomes more and more practicable every year. Imperial Airways are tackling the problem in two ways: firstly by building flying-boats to be used on an experimental line between Bermuda and New York; and secondly by the construction of the Mayo composite aircraft, in which one grasshopper is designed to take off from the other grasshopper's back. Actually, one is a flying-boat and the other a seaplane, so that "grasshopper" is not quite the right word; but I can think of no equivalent insect that takes off and alights on water. In America the Glenn L. Martin concern is proposing to build fifty-ton flying-boats, accommodating ten tons of useful load for a direct trans-Atlantic service. Details even include fares that would be at the rate of £83 single, which compares quite favourably with de luxe steamer rates. Augustine Courtauld, the Arctic explorer associated with the late Gino Watkins in prospecting a British air route to America across Greenland, has formed a new company to continue this work. The data gathered as a result of previous expeditions is sufficiently encouraging to warrant the expenditure of further money on research. John Grierson flew over the route in a Moth seaplane a year ago, and the Lindberghs have also explored it on behalf of American interests. Air France has ordered 'planes to maintain a weekly service to South America, thus bringing Brazil and the Argentine within four days of London for mails. With the weekly German service over the same route it will soon be possible to get a reply to a letter to Buenos Aires in eight to ten days.

The Lecture Season

FOR students there are a number of interesting lectures to be given before the Royal Aeronautical Society this winter, commencing with "Piloting Commercial Aircraft," by Major H. G. Brackley, on Monday next, October 21st. Major Brackley is Air Superintendent of Imperial Airways, has flown many times over the Company's routes and on special surveys off the beaten track, so that his experience is probably wider than that of most pilots in England. Lieut.-Colonel F. C. Shelmerdine will lecture on "Air Transport in Great Britain" on October 30th. This is particularly appropriate as the lecture is a memorial to the late Sir Sefton Brancker, his distinguished predecessor in the office of the head of civil aviation. All lectures will be held at six o'clock at the Institution of Electrical Engineers, Savoy Place. Visitors may attend on production of a ticket obtained from a member of the Society, but in no other way. Light refreshments which, within the meaning of the Act, mean tea or coffee, sandwiches or cakes, are provided free at 5.30.

The "Hornet" Arrives

EVERYONE who has been to Hatfield recently has seen the Moth's successor, named the "Hornet," but not everyone has been to Hatfield, so the "Hornet" is being demonstrated by de Havillands, Airwork, and other agents at every flying centre in the country. De Havilland's good name has enabled Airwork to sell twenty of these machines without a trial flight. Lady Loch, Sir Kenneth Crossley, and Mr. J. L. MacAlpine, of the famous firm of contractors, are amongst the first "Hornet" owners. All pilots should note that the landing-ground at Shoreham, which has been in use for some years, is now closed, and that the new municipal aerodrome alongside is available in its stead. The announcement that Flight-Lieut. Christopher Clarkson has joined the Anglo-American Oil Co., as aviation manager, is of interest to a wide circle. He came out of the Service in 1929, having been an instructor at the C.F.S. for 2½ years, and more recently has been general manager for Brian Lewis, who, as everybody knows, is one of our leading aircraft agents.

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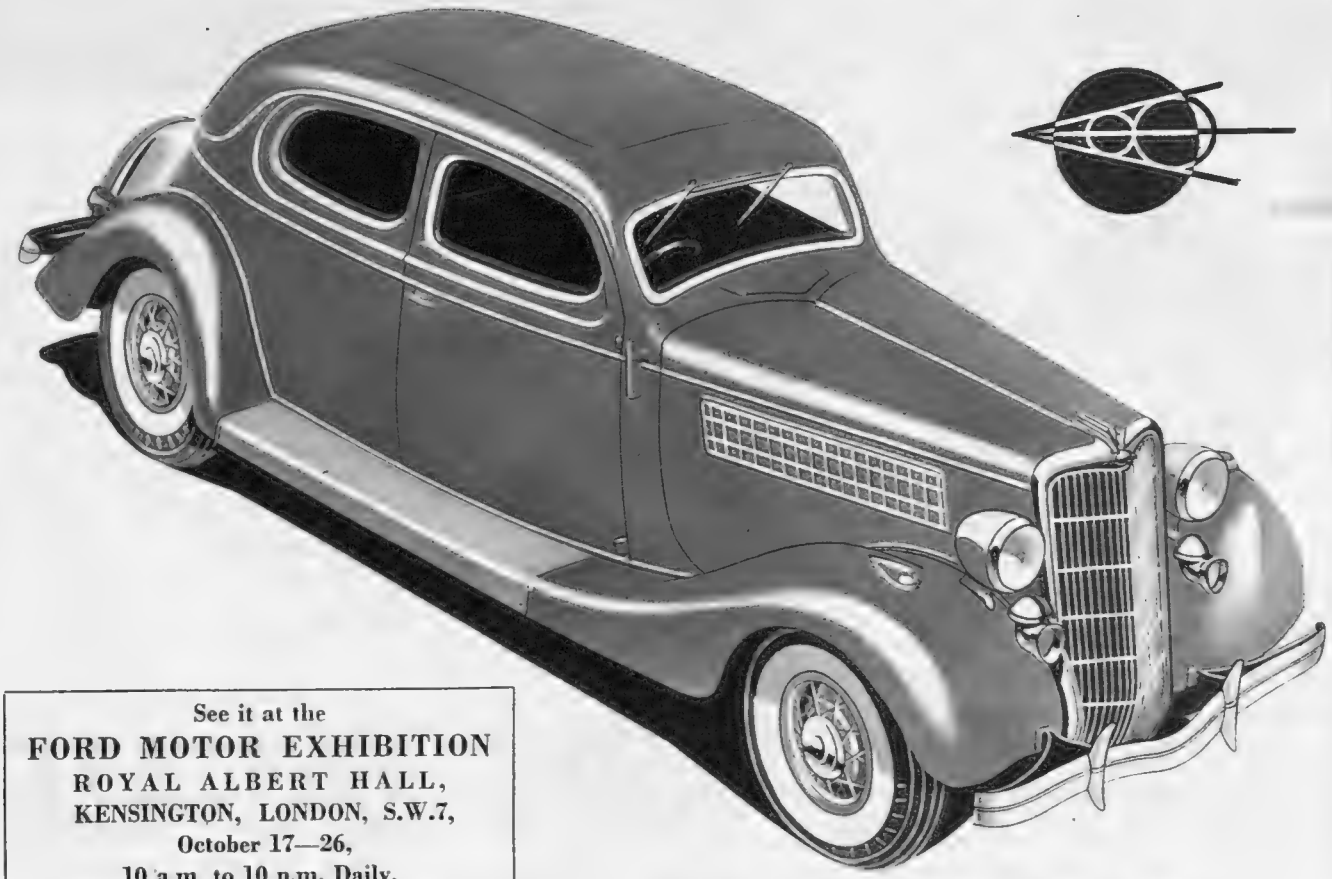

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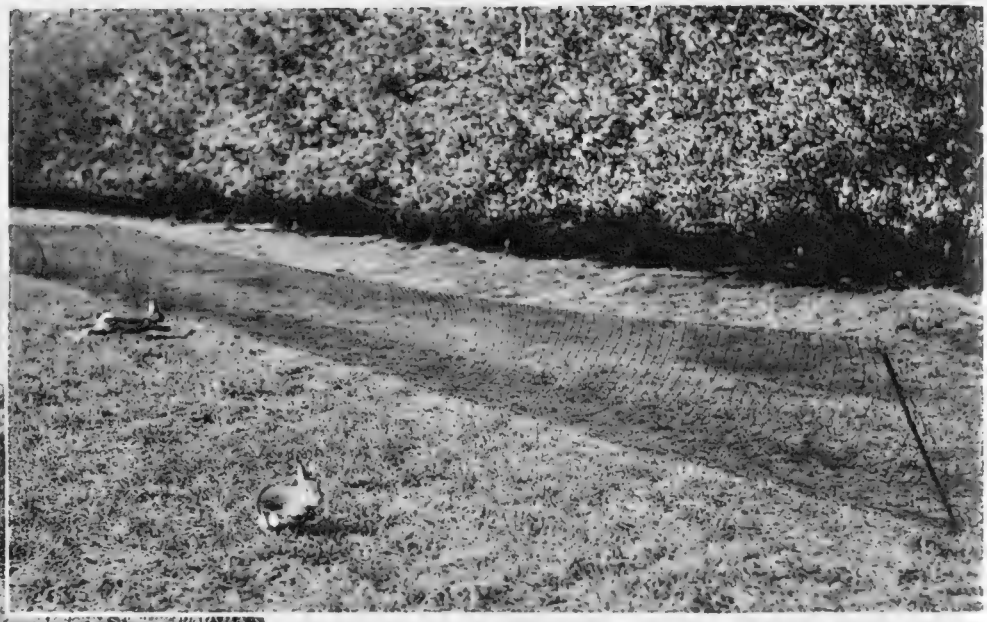
Right: one of the most successful ways of keeping down the number of rabbits is by netting on a large scale. At dusk they are driven towards the spinney, and blunder into the net which lies between them and safety



Ferrets are still frequently employed in rabbitting, and on the left one is seen being put into a burrow from which it will drive its prey

This Year of Rabbits

By "The Keeper's Boy"

FOR the third season in succession England is plagued with rabbits. Their numbers are incredible, in many districts eclipsing all previous records. The cause is, of course, three dry seasons in succession. Rabbits, fecund to an unbelievable degree under ordinary circumstances, have, during the past three summers, cast birth-control to the winds, and beaten their own records in a mad race for maternity benefits. I even heard instances of rabbits being born last December, so mild was the weather.

How to cope with this veritable plague is a problem which is facing most shooting men at this time of year. Where one is owner of the land the rabbits are a definite liability, since they tunnel the banks and hedges, honeycomb sea-walls, damage thousands of young trees, eat up fields of spring wheat and other crops, ruin pastureland, and raid gardens. It is a long and terrible toll of damage, and when I send my rabbits into market and find that I can only get sevenpence for a netted one, and between threepence and fivepence for a shot one, while the skins are quite valueless, I begin to wonder if it is not time to exterminate Brer Rabbit altogether.

When one is the lessee of a shoot, the rabbit problem becomes even more complicated. Many farmers are not only grumbling unmercifully about the damage done to their crops, but they are inclined also to turn on the shooting tenant and ask him, with more than a touch of suspicion, why he does not keep them down—as though the wretched shooting man, with perhaps only one Saturday a week to call his own, could hope to deal with the swarming myriads by shot-gun and ferret alone.

The result in many cases has been that the farmers have seized on their powers under the Ground Game Act, and are employing professional rabbiters to net, ferret and trap without mercy. This may not do much harm to the shoot, provided their operations are confined to netting and snaring, although there is always a certain disturbance of the ground thereby. And it is not unknown for a pheasant or partridge to be found hung up by the head or the leg in a snare. But when the farmer—as he may quite possibly do—takes advantage of his other powers under the Act, and authorises an employee in writing to use a gun, then one might as well give up the shoot altogether and go elsewhere.

OBVIOUSLY, then, the shooting tenant must find ready and speedy means of reducing the rabbit population if he is to keep his landlord's good will and co-operation. On big, open fields, on wolds, marshes, downs or moorlands where the rabbits lie out in the open, sometimes a considerable distance from their burrows, there is no greater fun than to stage a rabbit battue on the grand scale. Invite as many guns as possible, the more the merrier, provided they are safe. Then, alternating beaters and guns, with perhaps one or two spring carts bringing up the rear, the line of infantry and artillery marches relentlessly forward, shooting, or shooting at, every rabbit that jumps up in front of them. It may not sound very scientific, but it works.

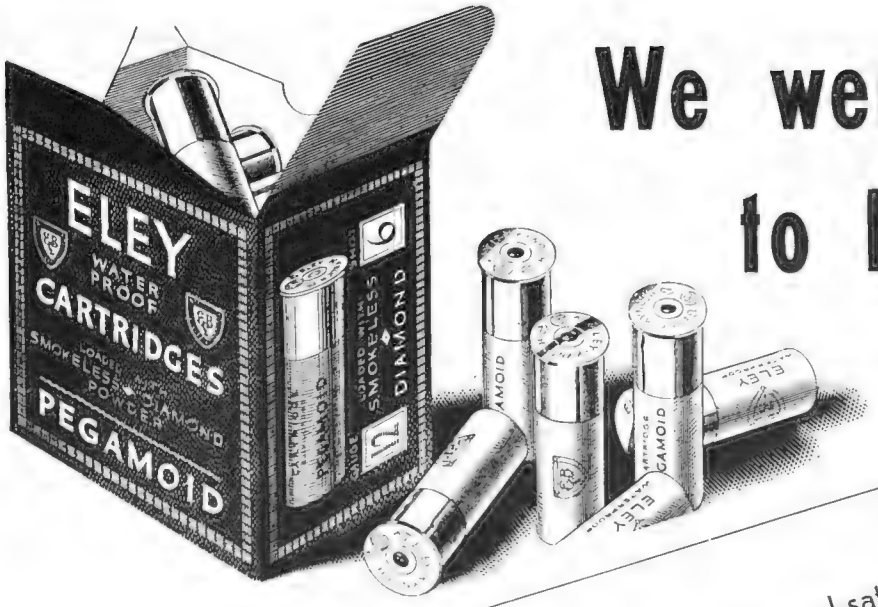
ON one 700-acre farm which I know intimately, the proprietor, assisted by sixteen guns, eleven boys as beaters, and three tumbril carts as game-carriers, killed no fewer than 736 rabbits in one day last season. This year he has had a similar day with eleven guns, the total bag being 511 rabbits, three partridges, nine duck and a dog-fox!

It is his practice to invite every sporting farmer, small-holder, tradesman, and even those of his own farm labourers who can handle a gun, to these great field-days. The bulk of the rabbits are given away in the village afterwards, and the remainder sent into market. A grand time is had by all, an excellent feeling of good-fellowship is created, and the result is that, for the rest of the year, that man's land is completely safe from poachers, for every man in the village is a potential game-watcher in his favour.

This procedure may not be possible in all cases. There, when it is absolutely necessary to reduce the rabbits to a minimum, I can only suggest that long netting be resorted to night after night, whenever the weather conditions are suitable. This, if properly done, will clear up hundreds of rabbits. It has the additional advantage that, being netted and clean killed, they fetch a higher price at market than the shot ones.

DENSE patches of furze, and the like, should be "rided" and then beaten out by a mixed bobbery pack of dogs. In some parts of the country, particularly Sussex, beagles are employed for this purpose, with bells hung on their collars, the idea being that the bells not only serve to rouse the rabbits quicker, but they also warn the guns of the whereabouts of the canine beaters. If one is going to employ a bobbery pack of the local doggy free-lances, bells are absolutely essential, particularly with long-legged animals which may dash across a ride in hot pursuit of the flying rabbit and be shot by mistake!

The comparatively recent practice of gassing rabbits in their burrows cannot be too strongly condemned. Not only does it waste the rabbit as a marketable article, but no one can say with certainty what horrors of slow and painful asphyxiation the wretched animals suffer in the depths of their burrows



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• "BYSTANDER" MOTOR SHOW SECTION

What to See at Olympia

By The Earl of Cardigan

WHEN one considers the size and scope of the present-day Motor Show, one cannot fail to recognise the temerity of those who, like myself, make an annual attempt to summarise the chief exhibits. There are so many scores of cars, and so many hundreds of different models, all of which have their good points, and most of which are genuinely worth studying.

Within the compass of a few pages of print, the most that can be done is to indicate a few of the outstanding new models, such as are bound to compel the ordinary motorist's attention. Of these, perhaps the most obvious example is the new twelve-cylinder Rolls-Royce—a car which will act like a magnet to thousands of Motor Show visitors, irrespective of their prospects of ever owning anything one-half so luxurious.

This new Rolls-Royce will be known as the "Phantom III." model, and its engine is rated at 50·7 h.p. The twelve cylinders are arranged in two blocks of six in the conventional "V" formation. An interesting chassis feature is that the front wheels are independently sprung, and are subject to an improved form of steering. The whole car is more compact in build, although there has been no sacrifice of coachwork space.

Bentley

ON the Bentley stand, the 3½-litre model will be shown, with no alterations in regard to its essential features. Here, however, we shall see in being a process of gradual improvement and refinement, by which this fine car becomes yearly more efficient. For 1936, it will have new automatic control for the hydraulic shock-absorbers, with a further over-riding control operated by hand.

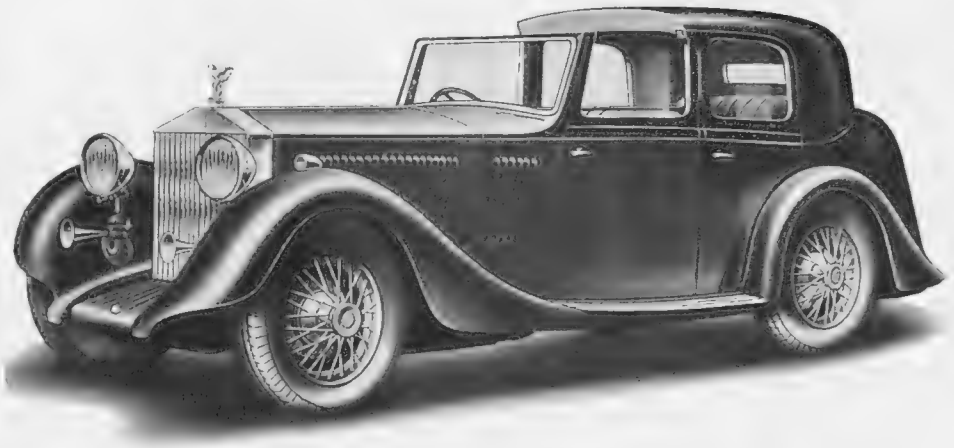
Austin

OF more direct appeal, perhaps, to the generality of motorists will be the display of new Austin cars at essentially competitive prices. This year there are to be four main six-cylinder models, rated at 23·5, 18, 16, and 14 h.p. There will also be three four-cylinder cars of 12, 10, and 7·8 h.p. The larger cars now have brakes of the efficient Girling type, improved steering, and the excellent Jackall hydraulic jacks. The Hayes automatic gear-box remains as an "extra," but there are, throughout the range, many other detail improvements.

Morris

THE Morris exhibit, this year, will be a very notable one, with the new "Big Six" models much in evidence. These are handsome and luxurious cars, very modestly priced, of 16, 18, 21, and 25 h.p. There will be three four-cylinder cars also, rated at 12, 10, and 8 h.p. All of these, except for the very low-priced

The 1936 Hillman "Minx" is particularly suited to the woman driver by virtue of its comfort, convenience, and "nippiness." Despite many improvements, the Saloon de Luxe has been reduced to £175, while the Saloon model costs but £159



A model of elegance allied to power. The 20-25-h.p. Rolls-Royce Hooper Sports Sedanca

Above: the 1936 Bentley typifies all that is attractive in high-powered cars, as this two-door Sports Saloon shows

Right: the Riley "Falcon," with its exceptionally roomy built-in luggage-locker, is an ideal car for long-distance tours with a full load

The new Flying Standard "Sixteen," priced at £299. Other models in the Flying Standard range are the "Twelve," at £259, and the "Light Twenty," at £315; and all three combine streamlined appearance, family-car comfort, and sports-car performance

A head-on view of the Vauxhall 1936 20-h.p. "Big Six" Saloon. Priced at £325, it is also made with a 27-h.p. engine at no extra cost

• "BYSTANDER" MOTOR SHOW SECTION (Continued)

"Eight," will have the Jackall hydraulic system of jacking. There will be new body styles throughout the range, in which a certain "streamline" influence will be apparent, although, as always, comfort has been the prime consideration.

Wolseley

THE 1936 Wolseley programme is decidedly worth studying. Five six-cylinder cars are listed, with only one "Four"—the 10 h.p. "Wasp." The 12 h.p. "Hornet" is a "Six," as are also the 14, 16, 21, and 25 h.p. models. All these cars have overhead-valve engines of high efficiency, with, in some cases, overhead camshafts. The gear-boxes provide four speeds, with synchro-mesh for the higher ratios.

Vauxhall

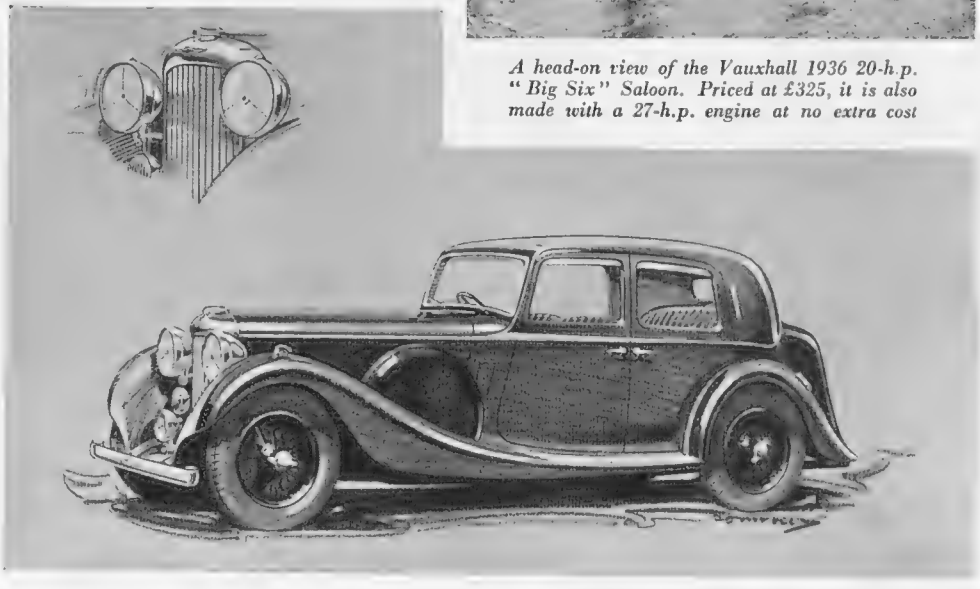
ON the Vauxhall stand cars of two main types are being shown. There is the "Light Six," which is available with either a 12- or a 14-h.p. engine, and the "Big Six," with an engine of either 20 or 27 h.p. These engines, in all cases, are of six-cylinder overhead-valve type, and the gear-boxes give synchro-mesh engagement. The "Light Six" is remarkable for its independent front springing which gives exceptionally comfortable riding.

Riley

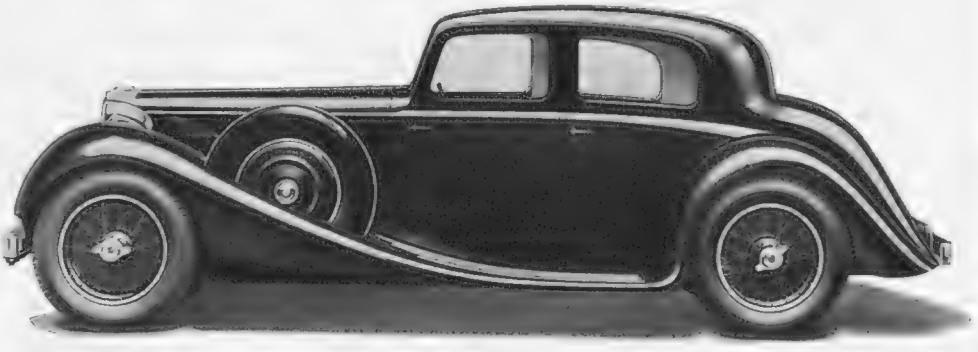
THE Riley exhibit is always an attractive one. This year we shall see the Riley "Nine" offered at a considerably reduced price. Complete with epicyclic pre-selective gear-box, the "Merlin" 9-h.p. saloon is listed at only £269. There is a new edition of the 1½-litre model, with many minor refinements, and the same may be said of the 15 h.p. "Six." Finally, there is an entirely new chassis, with a powerful engine of the compact "V-8" type, which is to sell at £450. Several "special" models are also listed for the benefit of those who appreciate a genuinely sporting road performance.

Rover

THE new Rover models will outwardly appear much the same as those which proved so successful last year, although actually each car will contain many valuable minor improvements. The free-wheel is retained as a standard fitting, and enables clutchless gear-changes to be made between any of the four gear ratios. Prices remain unchanged, and the three main types of chassis have engines of 10, 12 and 14 h.p. There is also a "Speed 14" chassis, so designed as to live very effectively up to its name.



The new 4½-litre Lagonda saloon, selling a £1085. the chassis costing £795. Being of the pillarless type, it is very easily entered and left



The 2½-litre S.S. "Jaguar" has an overhead-valve engine of 20 h.p., a maximum speed of 90 m.p.h., and it can comfortably do 70 m.p.h. in third. It is priced at £385

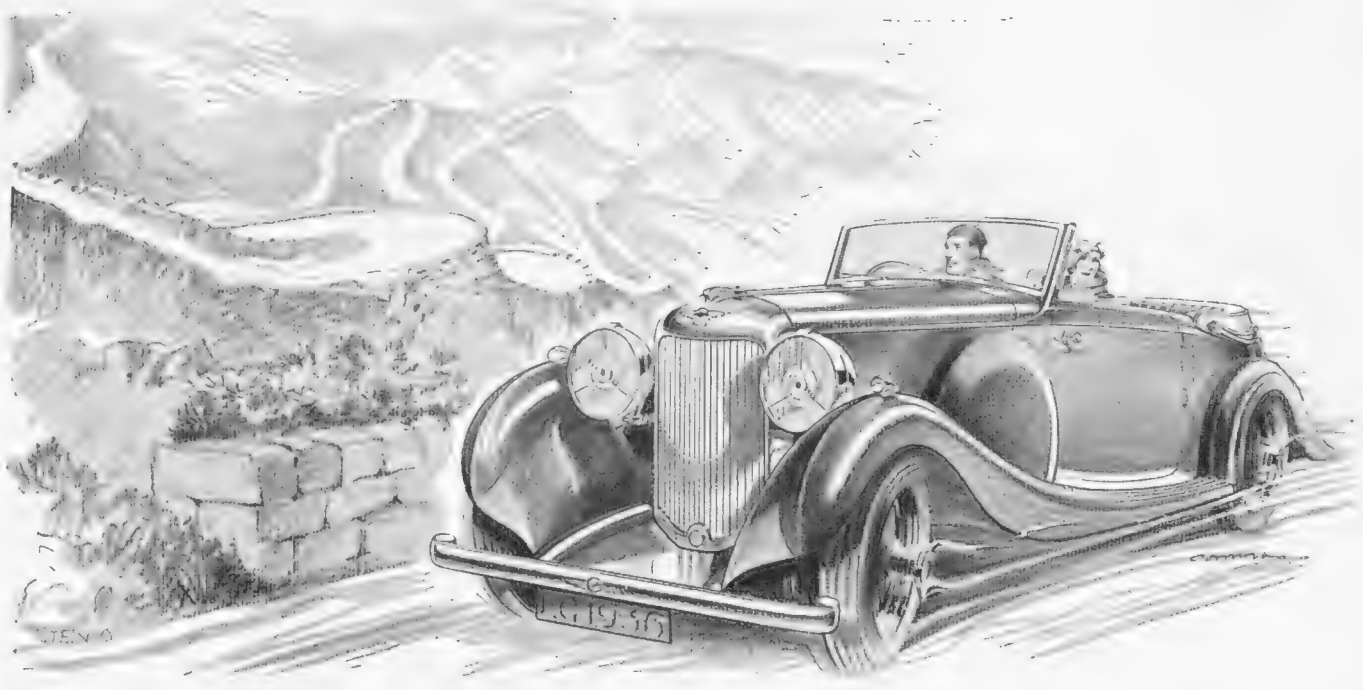
"S. S."

CARS of fine appearance and sporting performance will be the feature of the "S.S." stand. The popular "S.S.1" and "S.S.2" models are retained, the former having a 16- or 20-h.p. side-valve engine, and the latter a similar power unit of 10 or 12 h.p. In addition to these, there are the new "Jaguar" models, which offer greater power and higher speeds. The 2½-litre "Jaguar" has an overhead-valve engine of 20 h.p., while the 1½-litre model, likewise with overhead valves, is rated at 12 h.p.

(*Continued on page* ii)

LAGONDA

Those most competent to judge have welcomed with enthusiasm the new 4½-litre LAGONDA, they recognise its uncommon air of distinction. Beautifully symmetrical and possessing all the qualities inherent in a hand-built British car, the LAGONDA is the modern edition of a type which for many years the market has so sadly lacked. No car in the same price category maintains so easily the highest speeds with absolute control and provides under all conditions such studied comfort for passengers with luggage.



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• "BYSTANDER" MOTOR SHOW SECTION (Continued)

Standard

THE new Standard cars may be sure of attracting much attention. All models have been largely re-designed, and will sell at lower prices than ever before. For 1936 there are cars of 9, 10, 12, 16, and 20 h.p.—the last-named being available with either short or long wheelbase. There are a number of engine modifications, resulting in more power and greater smoothness. Four-speed gear-boxes are fitted, with three of the ratios synchro-mesh. An interesting feature of all these cars, other than the "Nine," is the new "telescopic" steering—a device which adds greatly to the driver's comfort. In addition, there are three special models, which are to be known as the "Flying Standards." These are cars of 12, 16, and 20 h.p., with coachwork of pronouncedly "streamline" type. A very good feature is that the front seat in each case is a single unit, so that three people can sit abreast. This makes each car a genuine six-seater, assuming the passengers to be of reasonable girth. Another notable point, which applies to all these models, is that the curved rear panel conceals a very large luggage-locker, containing four fitted suit-cases. Unless I am much mistaken, this is the first instance of such suit-cases (which are obviously of great convenience) being supplied as normal equipment in cars of moderate price.

The Convertible Cabriolet "V.8" Ford, which is to be seen at the Albert Hall show. Most economical to run, it is taxed at £16 10s.

The Rover "Fourteen" Sports Saloon, which costs £318. It is fitted with Lucas special electrical equipment and a new type of windscreen

An attractive car combining reliability with comfort and speed is seen above. It is the new Lanchester "Light-Six" Saloon

Left: the Morris 25-h.p. Saloon. With sliding head it is priced at £280, and with fixed head at £265

Humber

MUCH that is new and interesting is to be seen on the Humber stand. The popular Humber "Twelve" is appearing in improved form, with a very excellent new gear-box, all four ratios of which have synchro-mesh engagement. The former 16-h.p. model has become an "Eighteen," thanks to its new engine. The "Snipe" and "Pullman" models are likewise increased in power, each being now rated at 27 h.p. The three last-named cars all have a special form of independent front-wheel springing. The de Normanville epicyclic gear-box remains available as an "extra."

Hillman

EQUALLY full of novelty is the 1936 Hillman programme. The 10 h.p. "Minx" has been completely redesigned on roomier and sturdier lines—and this is another car with an all-synchro-mesh four-speed gear-box. There are three new six-cylinder cars, the smallest of which is of 17 h.p. The two larger models are both of 21 h.p.; but the "Hawk" carries compact coachwork, whereas the "Eighty" can take the most luxurious types of bodywork. All these "Sixes" are provided with "Evenkeel" independent springing of the front wheels.

Lagonda

FOR the Lagonda Company, the Olympia Show has come at a rather inconvenient moment. This firm has lately been in process of reorganisation, having, among other sound measures, co-opted Mr. W. O. Bentley as technical director. It is known that a new $4\frac{1}{2}$-litre car is being produced, which will unquestionably prove to be of very high quality. Inquiries will be welcomed by Messrs. Kevill Davies and

(Continued on page iv)

ON STAND 96

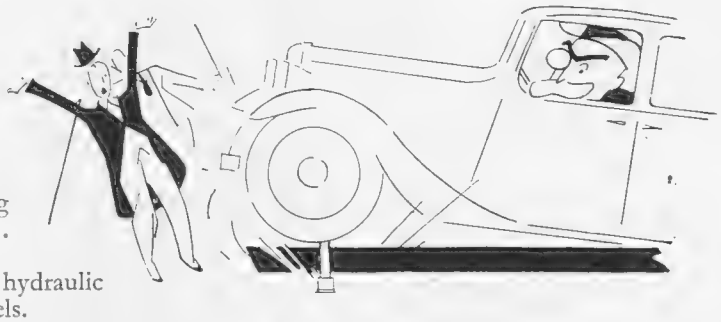
1. he found the style of coachwork he'd been looking for—elegant, dignified and sensible. Plenty of head-room, no waste of body space through overhang. Easier to park and garage, too . . .

2. he sat in the kind of seats he'd dreamed about but never found—adjustable, giving support to his body just where he wanted it—and he could really stretch his legs . . .

3. he noticed the large windows for generous vision and the correctly inclined windscreen which prevents rear window reflection . . .

4. he lifted the bonnet and noted the clean engine layout, the new type steering gear, the down-draught carburetter, and a score of other mechanical refinements . . .

5. after which he was delighted to examine the Girling type brakes—such an aid to control and road safety . . .



6. and finally, he tried out the Smiths' 'Jackall' hydraulic jacking system—standard on the larger models.

Noting these improvements and knowing the wonderful reputation of the Austin for Dependability and Lasting Wear, not to mention its high resale value (in itself a confirmation of superior worth), he turned over in his mind the sound sense of

You buy a car—but you invest in an

AUSTIN

GRAND HALL, STAND 96 OLYMPIA, ANNEXE, STAND 161

"BYSTANDER" MOTOR SHOW SECTION (Continued)

The Austin Twelve-Six "Ascot" Saloon; one of the most attractive models of its kind to appear this year

March, the London distributors, of Berkeley Street.

Ford

A NOTABLE and regular absentee from Olympia is, of course, the Ford Motor Co. The special Ford Show is being held again this year at the Albert Hall, where all the latest models are to be on view. Chief interest, perhaps, will centre around the newly-announced 22-h.p. "V.8" model, which sells at the astonishingly low price of £220. The general design is similar to that of the well-tried and popular 30 h.p. "V.8" car; but the newcomer will be more economical in tax and running costs.

Triplex Glass

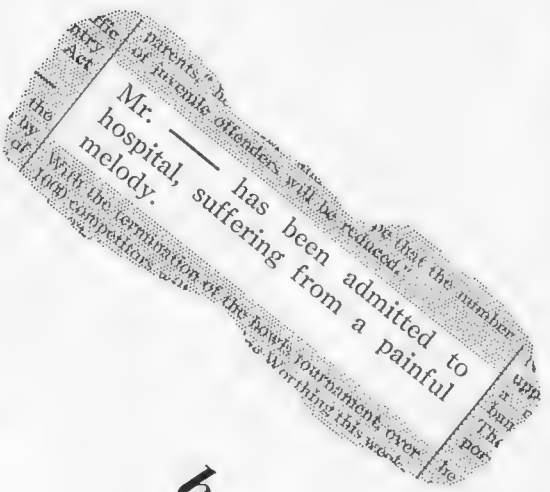
REVERTING to the Olympia exhibits—for our immunity from the worst consequences of road accidents we depend on the manufacturers of special "safety" glass; and in this connection the Triplex exhibit should be very well worth visiting. Here specimens of glass may be examined—in particular, the latest Triplex "Toughened" variety. It is significant that the Triplex Company supplies glass for the cars of no fewer than twenty different makers.

K.L.G. Plugs

SPARKING-PLUGS, although they seldom obtrude themselves on our notice, are of sufficient importance to deserve some study. The latest types of K.L.G. plugs are, of course, being exhibited; and the K.L.G. stand should prove a Mecca for those who are bothered with

Concluded on page vi)

Mistakes will happen . . .



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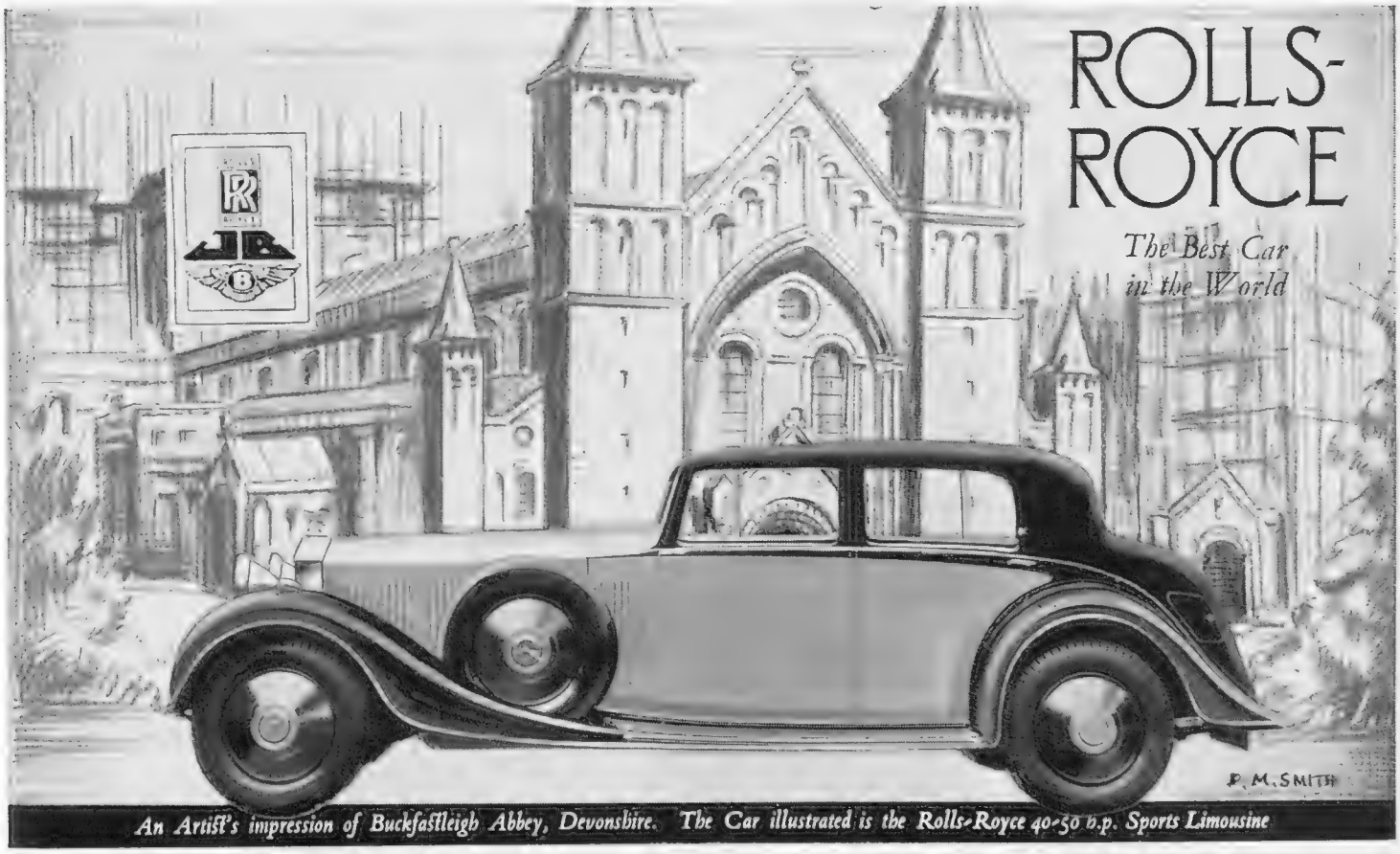

An Artist's impression of Buckfastleigh Abbey, Devonshire. The Car illustrated is the Rolls-Royce 40-50 h.p. Sports Limousine

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chronic plug trouble of any sort. Advice and information will be freely given to any inquirer by the experts in attendance.

Shell Mex and B.P.

A really interesting series of demonstrations is to be given on the Shell Mex and B.P. stand. Here there will be ample opportunity for learning something as to the composition of high-grade petrols and oils. Chemists will be in charge of the exhibits, and will use real laboratory equipment to illustrate the various tests by which the purity and consistent quality of this company's products are assured. Samples will also be on view showing the many different types of oil which can be produced to meet different requirements. Very few motorists appear to have any notion of the incredibly wide variety of everyday uses to which petroleum products can be put.

The new Wolseley "Fourteen" standard model, which sells at £220. A de luxe model of the same car is priced at £235

Wakefield Oils

The new Patent Castrol oil will be the chief, but not the only, Wakefield exhibit at Olympia. This is a new oil of exceptional purity, and is the result of special treatment by a secret process. Motorists should make a point of seeing also the Wakefield Company's display of mechanised Castrol Lubrequipment. This is a system by which cars can be given really thorough and effective all-round lubrication. It is already installed at 2875 garages throughout the country.

"Esso" Oils

The Anglo-American Oil Company's stand will be another source of interest and information in regard to both oil and petrol. This company, of course, is responsible for the new "Esso" petrol, which has lately been put on the market with such success, and also for Essolube oils, which are sold in those attractive glass bottles. Here again expert advice will be available for all who have lubrication problems to solve.

Dunlop Tyres

To think of tyres is, for most of us, to think of Dunlop. This year the Dunlop Company is marketing tyres of four different types. Three of these—the "Fort," "Standard," and "90"—are intended for normal use, while the "Extra low-pressure" tyre has been designed for rather exceptional conditions.

Tyres suggest wheels, and a special display of wheels will constitute another Dunlop exhibit. There will also be a Dunlop stand for garage equipment.

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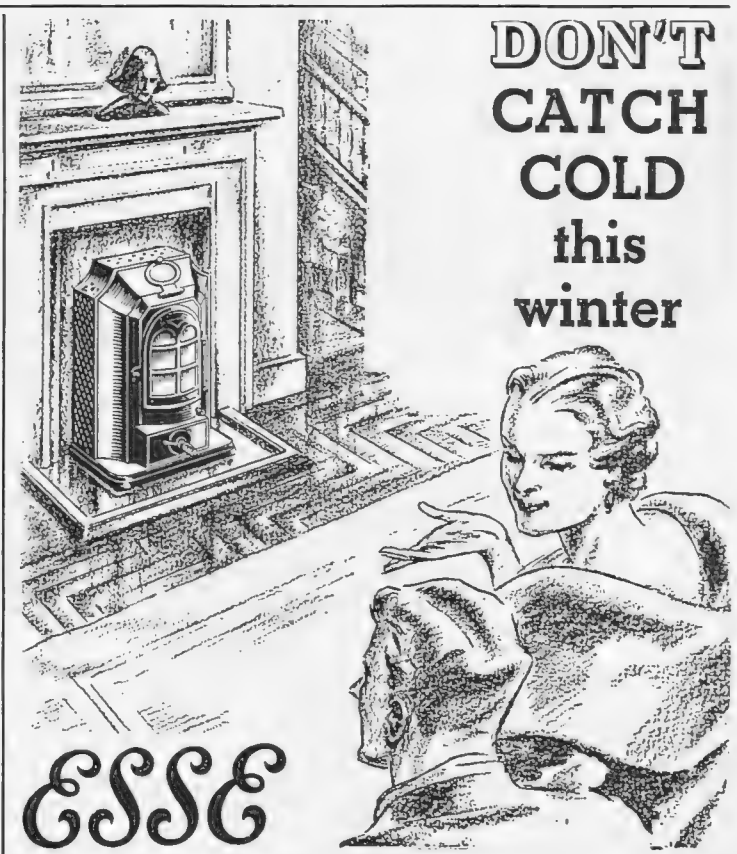

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"Bystander" Women's Golf Competition — September Monthly Medal Results

Thirty spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each summer month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March, inclusive, fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for the last places; if there should be a further tie, the card played on the course with the highest scratch score wins. Full particulars will be sent on application.

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. J. H. Taylor	Halifax	79	12	67	75	8 below
Miss L. Marsden	Wigan	81	18	63	70	7 "
Mrs. E. M. Rhodes	Harrogate	72	4	68	74	6 "
Mrs. E. Hardy	Cavendish	80	14	66	72	6 "
Miss Welchman	Hockley	79	12	67	72	5 "
Miss M. R. Garton	Woodsome Hall	83	13	70	75	5 "
Mrs. Ambrose	Camberley Heath	84	14	70	75	5 "
Mrs. E. D. Heaven	Ladbrook Park	85	15	70	75	5 "
Mrs. Hodgson	Carlisle City	84	16	68	73	5 "
Miss B. Dixon	Bamburgh Castle	82	16	66	71	5 "
Mrs. Thornton	Moor Park	87	17	70	75	5 "
Mrs. W. Fraser	Woolton	84	17	67	72	5 "
Mrs. Appleby	Bramhall	88	18	70	75	5 "
Mrs. H. V. Newton	Withington	72	2	70	74	4 "
Mrs. Barbour	Birkdale	76	4	72	76	4 "
Miss M. Fletcher	Erewash Valley	82	12	70	74	4 "
Mrs. H. J. Heyman	Coventry	82	12	70	74	4 "
Miss E. Lawrenson	Hillside	85	14	71	75	4 "
Mrs. R. T. Phipps	Northants County	81	6	75	78	3 "
Miss Mary Mulcaster	Crewe	81	11	70	73	3 "
Mrs. Ritchie-Dickson	Camberley Heath	86	14	72	75	3 "
Miss B Simpson	Coventry	86	15	71	74	3 "
Miss C. Waite	Market Rasen	79	15	64	67	3 "
Mrs. W. S. Harris	Alderley Edge	87	16	71	74	3 "
Miss M. L. Ballantyne	Coventry	88	17	71	74	3 "
Mrs. E. Swinscoe	Lindrick	79	4	75	77	2 "
Mrs. L. F. Wright	Saltburn-by-the-Sea	72	4	68	70	2 "
Miss M. Winder	Lindrick	81	6	75	77	2 "
Miss A. Ireland	Wigan	79	11	68	70	2 "
Mrs. A. G. Griffiths	Alderley Edge	85	13	72	74	2 "

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss J. Waine	Marple	95	36	59	74	15 below
Miss D. Hill	Walsall	93	29	64	76	12 "
Miss H. Waters	Benton Park	95	30	65	77	12 "
Miss N. Midgley	Blackpool	96	32	64	76	12 "
Miss S. Burkinshaw	Brough	96	35	61	73	12 "
Miss J. Donald	North Berwick	96	29	67	75	8 "
Miss M. Briggs	Elsham	96	33	63	71	8 "
Mrs. T. K. Horrocks	Wigan	94	31	63	70	7 below
Mrs. W. E. Smith	Huyton	102	36	66	73	7 "
Mrs. K. Powell	Pype Hayes	102	36	66	73	7 "
Mrs. M. Norris	Radcliffe-on-Trent	83	19	64	70	6 "
Mrs. Leake	Wrekin	89	21	68	74	6 "
Miss N. Macgillycuddy	North Hants	95	27	68	74	6 "
Mrs. Stokoe	Bradford	92	27	65	71	6 "
Mrs. McNabb	Shirley Park	101	32	69	75	6 "
Mrs. M. Y. Skeet	Datchet	104	36	68	74	6 "
Mrs. L. H. Dearden	Alderley Edge	91	22	69	74	5 "
Mrs. M. J. Buxton	Wilmslow	89	22	67	72	5 "
Miss V. Valentine	Dulwich & Sydenham	101	31	70	75	5 "
Mrs. Shillito	Buxton and High Peak	101	33	68	73	5 "
Mrs. N. A. Boulton	Tamworth	101	33	68	73	5 "
Miss M. Hegan	Coventry	105	36	69	74	5 "
Mrs. J. Currie	Irvine	95	22	73	77	4 "
Mrs. G. Rayner	Birkdale	94	22	72	76	4 "
Mrs. Simpson	Trentham	96	25	71	75	4 "
Miss E. D. Green	Dulwich & Sydenham	96	25	71	75	4 "
Mrs. Fairburn	West Bradford	101	34	67	71	4 "
Miss B. Hall	Birkdale	96	23	73	76	3 "
Miss H. Wood	Trentham	96	24	72	75	3 "
Mrs. G. P. Parker	Cuddington	98	25	73	76	3 "

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11TH

Ladies to sell Poppies on Nov. 11th are urgently required in many districts and we earnestly ask volunteers to apply to their local committee to offer their services.

Further information will be gladly given by Capt. W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary, EARL HAIG'S (British Legion) APPEAL FUND, 29 Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7.

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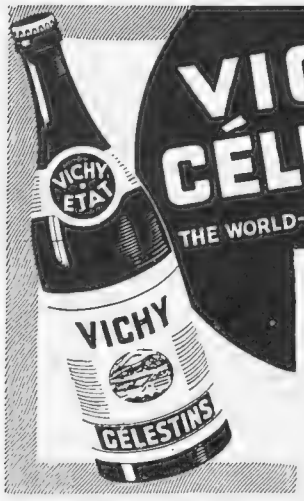

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GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

Joyce Kohnstamm

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kohnstamm, of Middleheath, Hampstead Heath; she is engaged to John Patrick Reynolds, the younger son of Mr. Frank Reynolds, R.I., and of Mrs. Reynolds, of Thames Ditton, Surrey

Kay Vaughan

Griselda Malcolm

Is the younger daughter of the late Sir James Malcolm, Bt., and of Evelyn, Lady Malcolm, of 52, South Eaton Place, S.W.1; she is to marry Captain Frederick William Gray, Nigerian Railways, son of the late Mr. Charles Gray and Mrs. Gray

Lenare

The Hon. José Evans-Freke

Is engaged to Dudley Dowse, the elder son of the late Bishop of Cork, and of Mrs. Dowse, of 11, St. Alban's Mansions, Kensington Court; she is the elder daughter of Lord Carbery, and of Mrs. Montfort Bebb, of Trofts, Byworth, Petworth

Douglas

Diana Murison

Is the only daughter of Sir William and Lady Murison, of 83, Queen's Gate, S.W.7; she has announced her engagement to G. E. Tatham, the son of the late Mr. Charles Tatham, and of Mrs. Tatham, of 50, Carlisle Mansions, S.W.1

Hay Wrightson

Pamela Magor

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Magor, of Chygwidden, Lelant, Cornwall, and is to marry Sinclair Rudd-Clarke, the eldest son of the late Mr. E. de S. S. Rudd-Clarke, of Knedlington Manor, Howden, Yorks

Douglas

Catherine Campbell

Is the only child of the late Capt. Quentin Hewes Campbell, M.C., and Mrs. Huddleston, of 39, Ashburnham Mansions, Chelsea; she is engaged to Robert Keith Nicholson, the only son of Mr. Guy Nicholson, of Eyamdale House, Eyam, Derbyshire

Douglas

Rosalind Bruce

Is the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Kenneth Bruce, of 7, Onslow Gardens, S.W.7, and is engaged to Anthony S. Butler, the son of the late Lieut.-Col. A. B. Butler, and of Mrs. Butler, of 48c, Westbourne Terrace, W.2

Bassano

Betty Gough

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Gough, of Yew Tree Court, N.W.11; she is to marry Paul Peatling, the younger son of the late Dr. A. V. Peatling, of Carshalton, Surrey, and of Mrs. Peatling, of Selwyn House, Manor Fields, S.W.15

Hay Wrightson

Anicie de Burgh White

Is engaged to Roderick Walter, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. John Walter, of 5, Lowndes Street, S.W.1; she is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William de Burgh White, of 4, Tor Gardens, Kensington

Vandyk

Olivia Jeans

Is the only daughter of Sir James Jeans, of Cleveland Lodge, Dorking, and of the late Lady Jeans; she is engaged to Gordon Macpherson Lang, the third son of Mr. and Mrs. Lang, of Little Paddocks, Ferring, Sussex

Douglas

Leslie Carson

Is the daughter of the late Mr. Kenneth Carson, and of Mrs. Carson, of Mayfair Court, W.1; she is to marry Lieut.-Col. H. M. Wallis, D.S.O., M.C., of Montreal, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. McCall Wallis, of Peterborough, Ontario

Bassano

Winifred Layton

Is the eldest daughter of Rear-Admiral G. Layton, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Layton, of Anchor Gate House, Portsmouth; she is engaged to Ian Hurry Riches, Royal Marines, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. H. Riches, of Ashbourne Avenue, N.W.11

Greenwood — Gardiner

James Greenwood, the second son of the late Mr. P. Greenwood, and of Mrs. Greenwood of Massey Lodge, Sandiways, Cheshire, and Diana Gardiner, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner of Greenfield, Thelwall, Cheshire, were married at Lymm Parish Church

Corbett — Whitehead

Uvedale Corbett, R.H.A., the elder son of Major and Mrs. C. U. Corbett, of Stableford, Bridgnorth, Shropshire, and Veronica Marian Whitehead, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Whitehead, of Goytre Hall, Abergavenny, were married at St. Mary's Church, Abergavenny

O'Meara — Ridley

Daniel Joseph Patrick O'Meara, F.R.C.S., of Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, and Joan Cowell Ridley, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Ridley, late of Royston House, Ipswich, were married at St. James's Church, Spanish Place

Yockney — Williams

Richard Yockney, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Yockney, of Notton Lodge, Lacock, Wiltshire, and Marjorie Osborne Williams, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Osborne Williams, of Gwentland, Chepstow, Monmouthshire, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Colegrave — Peters

Lieutenant-Commander Edward H. M. Colegrave, R.N., the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Manby Colegrave, of Cricklade Avenue, Streatham, and Ezit Diana Peters, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Parsons Peters, of South Petherton, Somerset, were married at the Church of Our Lady of Victories, Kensington

Broke — Balfour

Vere Broke, the only son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Harry Broke, and of Mrs. Broke, of Gladwyns, Hatfield Heath, and Rosemary Balfour, the younger daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. K. R. Balfour, of Stapleton Manor, Dorchester, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Ford — Stewart

Richard G. L. Ford, the Northamptonshire Regiment and the Nigeria Regiment, and Constance Stewart, the youngest daughter of Mr. J. Stewart, M.P., and of Mrs. Stewart, of Templewood Avenue, Hampstead, and Crawfordsburn, Co. Down, were married at St. Andrew's Church, Frognal

Prince — Paget Jones

Robert Tennant Prince, the Baluch Regiment, the eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel R. Prince, and of Mrs. Prince, of the Grange, Ash, Somerset, and Yvette Paget Jones, the daughter of the late Surgeon-Capt. H. Paget Jones, R.N., and of Mrs. Paget Jones were married at Our Lady of Victories, Kensington

Peto — Close

Major Christopher Peto, 9th Queen's Royal Lancers, the second son of Sir Basil Peto, M.P., of Tawstock Court, North Devon, and the late Lady Peto, and Barbara Close, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Close, of Woodcote, Camberley, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

October 16—October 22

THE THEATRE

Plays

THE BLACK EYE.—James Bridie's "novelette in dialogue" has a brilliant cast, including Jean Cadell Jill Esmond, Cathleen Lacey, Stephen Haggard. Frank Pettingell: Shaftesbury, 8.30.

A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL.—A revival of the Hemmerde-Neilson divorce-court play, with Greer Garson, John Stuart, Frank in Dyall, Gillian Lind in it: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CLOSING AT SUNRISE.—The setting is a coffee-stall; the cast includes Shirley Houston, Mark Daly, Anthony Ireland, Joan Marion: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Carol Coombe is still the delightful heroine of this theatrical gem from China, with Clifford Bartlett as the hero: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Winter Garden, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NINA.—Versatile acting by Lucie Mannheim in a double part as a film star and her understudy; Cecil Parker and Hugh Miller are also in Bruno Frank's amusing comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

PEER GYNT.—William Devlin as Peer, Vivienne Bennet as Solveig, Florence Kahn, Ion Swinley are in this fine production of the Ibsen masterpiece: Old Vic, 7.45 (except Mon.). Wed., Sat., 2.30, to October 19th.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard is still a big draw as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—First-class theatrical value as to story and dialogue, and a fine cast, headed by Eugénie Leontovich and Cedric Hardwicke: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

TWO SHARE A DWELLING.—Grete Mosheim acts well in a Jekyll and Hyde part, so do Wyndham Goldie and Henry Hewitt, and the play has good moments: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE UNGUARDED HOUR.—Strong legal drama attacking dangers of circumstantial evidence. Fine performances by Godfrey Tearle and Malcolm Keen: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris, Celia Johnson, and Mackenzie Ward still play their parts in this unendingly popular play: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—You 'll like Cole Porter's music, Jeanne Aubert's shining effectiveness, Sydney Howard's fooling, and the whole speedy, decorative, amusing show: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Not for the critical sophisticate, but it 's got everything a full-size Ruritanian musical comedy can have, including Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls' school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobbie Howes an intruding young man, and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 66.—Meggie Eaton and Edna Thompson sing; Eddie Kelland, Eric Barker, Hugh René, Eric Woodburn and Geoffrey Denton all do turns: Windmill, 1.20-11.30, non-stop.

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STOP . . . GO!—Charlot's new lucky dip, with Dorothy Ward, Douglas Byng, Mary Brian, and some good chorus ensembles as the best dips: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Twice nightly comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Jean Colin, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.—A murder drama by James Parish, with Barbara Couper, Winifred Evans, Bernard Lee, Ronald Ward: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ESPIONAGE.—Walter Hackett's new play has a Balkan frontier setting, with Marion Lorne, Jeanne Stuart, Eric Maturin, Frank Cellier, J. H. Roberts in it: Apollo, 8.30.

FULL HOUSE.—Ivor Novello's farcical comedy makes some people laugh; Lilian Braithwaite carries off a foolish part with her customary brilliance: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Don't go if you 're nervous—Emlyn Williams acts the young murderer too well—there 's humour as well as horror in this excellent play: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROUND ABOUT REGENT STREET.—A new nonsense in Crazy Month style, with Nervo and Knox, Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, and a good variety programme: Palladium, 6.30, 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.—A full-blooded Restoration comedy of bad manners; Athene Seyler, Roy Byford, and Balliol Holloway are chief laughter-makers: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a lowbrow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks has revived this comedy; Julia Neilson and Ursula Jeans are in it, too: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

ROMEO AND JULIET.—John Gielgud's production; he plays Mercutio, Laurence Olivier is Romeo, Peggy Ashcroft is Juliet and Edith Evans the Nurse: New, October 17th.

THE HANGMAN.—Frank Vosper takes the name-part in this Scandinavian play which Dr. Per Lindberg produces: Duke of York's, October 22nd.

JULIUS CÆSAR.—Ion Swinley plays Mark Antony, William Devlin is Cæsar: Old Vic, October 22nd.

CINEMAS

ANNA KARENINA.—A disappointing Garbo is the heroine of Tolstoy's story, with Fredric March as her lover: Empire.

BARBARY COAST.—A gold-rush romantic thriller by MacArthur and Hecht, starring Miriam Hopkins, Edward G. Robinson, Joel McCrea: London Pavilion, from October 18th.

CAR OF DREAMS.—The German star, Grete Mosheim, plays with John Mills, Norah Howard, and Robertson Hare in a gay comedy: New Gallery.

CURLY TOP.—The new Shirley Temple film arrives on October 21st: Tivoli.

DANTE'S INFERNO.—A spectacular version of Hell, with Spencer Tracey, Claire Trevor as leads in the modern story that leads there. Also DOUBTING THOMAS, one of Will Rogers' last pictures: Capitol.

THE DARK ANGEL.—Good acting by Merle Oberon, Fredric March, and Herbert Marshall in a sentimental story: Leicester Square Theatre.

HEART'S DESIRE.—Richard Tauber is a Viennese waiter in this, but he sings—and has three girl friends, Leonora Corbett, Diana Napier, Kathleen Kelly: Regal.

THE INFORMER.—This is Liam O'Flaherty's brilliant novel filmed, with Victor McLaglen as the I.R.A. renegade. Also George Burns and Gracie Allen in a typical comedy, THE PLOT THICKENS: Plaza.

JAZZ COMEDY.—A modern Russian comic, with lots of broad fun and no propaganda, directed by Alexandrov: Academy.

JOAN OF ARC.—A superb historical film; Angella Salloker is the Maid, Gustaf Gründgens is the King: Curzon.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—The Reinhardt production is at last to be seen, and it's not what it was expected to be: Adelphi, 2.30, 8.30.

ON WINGS OF SONG.—Grace Moore's second film has lots of singing, some story, and good acting; Leo Carrillo, Robert Allen, and Michael Bartlett, the tenor, are her three squires: Tivoli, to October 20th.

SANDERS OF THE RIVER.—This grand Edgar Wallace story, with Leslie Banks and Paul Robeson in it, is revived to some purpose: Marble Arch Pavilion.

TOP HAT.—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers have a new dance; the music is Irving Berlin's; and the show is better than ever: Carlton.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?—The new Walt Disney gangster symphony is on: Tivoli and Leicester Square.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

BORIS GODUNOF: To-night, 7.45.

LA TRAVIATA: October 17th, 8.

FRA DIAVOLO: October 18th, 8.

FAUST.—With full ballet: October 19th, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS.—THE VIC-WELLS COMPANY includes Pearl Argyle, Ursula Moreton, Elizabeth Miller, Margot Fonteyn, Beatrice Appleyard, Frederick Ashton, Robert Helpmann, Harold Turner.

SYLPHIDES, BLUE BIRD. FAÇADE, JOB: October 19th, 2.30.

CASSE NOISETTE, RIO GRANDE: October 22nd, 8.30.

ENGLISH BALLET.—A season arranged by Espinosa and the British Ballet Organisation: Lyric, Hammersmith, from October 21st.

BALLETS JOOSS.—The new repertoire of this clever and original company of dancers includes THE GREEN TABLE, THE MIRROR, THE BIG CITY, BALL IN OLD VIENNA, etc.: Gaiety, 8.45.

BALLETS DE LÉON WOIZIKOVSKY.—The repertoire includes SYLPHIDES, PETROUCHKA, CARNAVAL, PRINCE IGOR, L'AMOUR SORCIER; the dancers, besides Woizikovsky, include Tarakanova, Chanova, Blinova, Eglevsky: Coliseum, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30

(*Continued on page* F)

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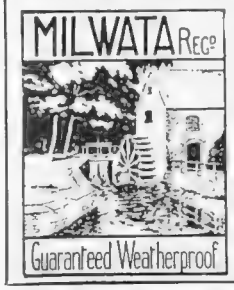

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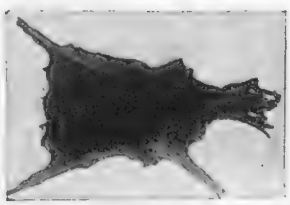

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What's On

(Continued from page D)

CONCERTS

Orchestral

R.P.S.—Beecham conducts the L.P.O., playing Vaughan Williams's "Wasps" Overture, Mozart's Symphony No. 29, Balakirev's "Thamar," Beethoven's Sixth Symphony: Queen's Hall, October 17th, 8.15.

L.S.O.—Hermann Abendroth conducts Beethoven's Leonora Overture No. 3, and Fourth Symphony, and Brahms' Fourth Symphony: Queen's Hall, October 21st, 8.15.

L.S.O.—Conducted by Erich Kleiber in a Mozart programme including the B major Symphony, and E flat Piano Concerto (Lili Krauss): Queen's Hall, October 22nd, 8.15.

Recitals

BRANDENBURG CONCERTOS.—Adolf Busch, Busch Quartet, Rudolf Serkin, etc., perform the whole series at two concerts: second concert, Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.

ANTONI SALA.—'Cello recital: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 8.30.

ISOLDE MENGES STRING QUARTET.—With A. de Reyghere and Helen Just in Bridge, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky sextets: Wigmore Hall, October 17th, 8.15.

KUTCHER QUARTET.—Haydn - Beethoven - Smetana programme: Wigmore Hall, October 18th, 8.30.

EGON PETRI.—First of his two piano recitals: Wigmore Hall, October 19th, 3.

SARAH FISCHER and JOHN BROWNLEE.—Second "British Artists'" concert: Hyde Park Hotel, October 20th, 9.

NIKOLAI GRANDAU.—'Cello recital: Grotrian Hall, October 21st, 8.30.

PAUL BAUMGARTNER.—Piano recital: Aeolian Hall, October 21st, 8.30.

EXHIBITIONS

ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR: Grosvenor House, to October 18th.

MOTOR SHOW: Olympia, October 17th-26th.

STROBL.—The Hungarian sculptor exhibits his work: 15 George Street, Hanover Square.

DANCING AND DINING

CARLTON.—The new cabaret is in full swing; Lou Preager's band plays: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—The new Follies show is excellently gay; Jack Jackson's band plays: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—Another new floor show, "Tyrol on Parade," has opened here; Syd Lipton provides dance music: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There 's a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—The transformed "Jardin Fleuri" restaurant, plus cabaret, is now open; Maurice Winnick plays for dancing.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are good, and fish dishes are a speciality.

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PRUNIER'S.—This is the place in the oyster season, and for all fish foods; the atmosphere is informal, and there 's no music.

QUAGLINO'S.—Walsh and Barker are here again; Van Straten's band plays; evening dress is optional "downstairs": extension, Wednesday.

RITZ.—Café Chantant is restored to its original home; Joe Kayne's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

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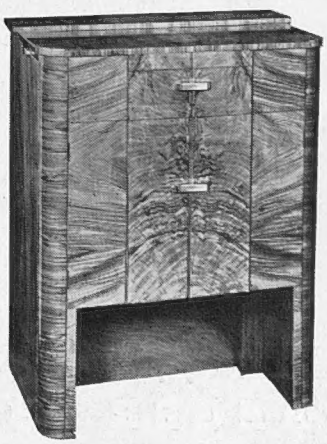

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